EDWARD CORSI ON IMMIGRATION

June 2, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER

A Memorial Day Story
by Ray Bradbury

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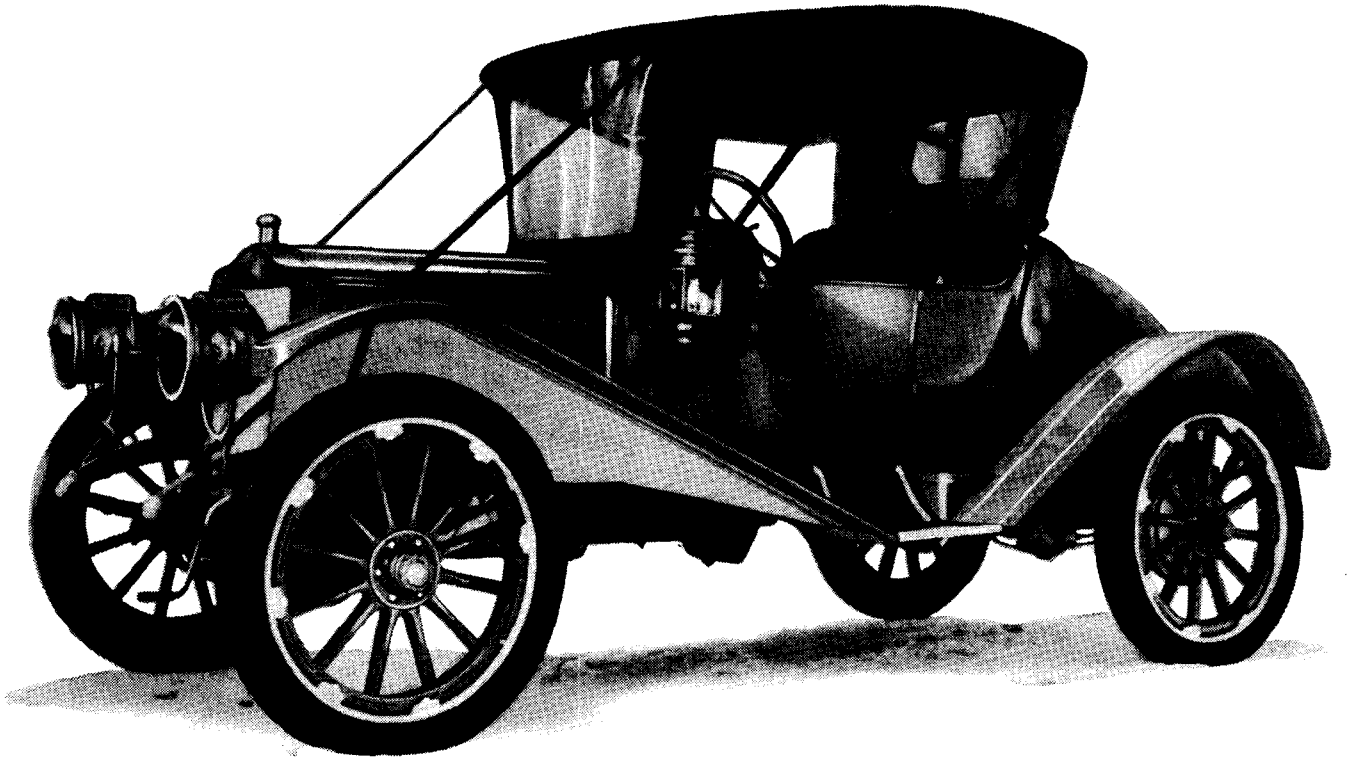

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And competition among the watchmakers of Switzerland themselves has produced the fine Swiss jeweled-lever watches that have long been favorites in America.

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See how competition creates jobs—in Switzerland *and* in America?

But suppose there was *no* competition. What then?

There would be a return to the horse-and-buggy ways of doing business.

That's the reason why the watchmakers of Switzerland—free, independent, competitive businessmen and workingmen—want to keep the word *Competition* large and alive. Daily competition among themselves in their own industry is a bulwark of their high scale of wages, why they enjoy the highest standard of living to be found outside the United States.

Competition is the life-blood of business, certainly. But it is also the accepted way of life for the United States and Switzerland, the largest and the littlest democracies in the world.

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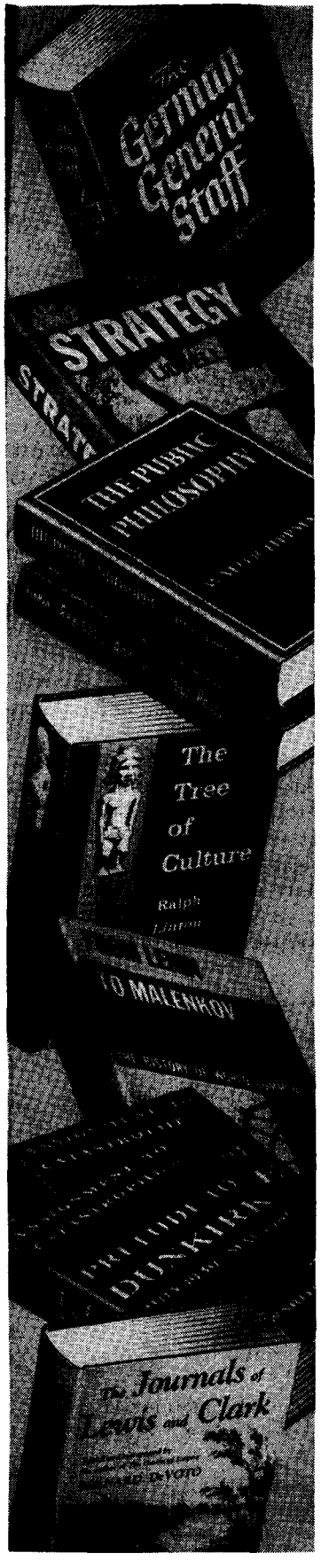

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Magic Name

"You can only hold free Vietnam with a government that is nationalistic . . ." Thus John Foster Dulles—on TV—admonished the President and some few million other people looking in. That word "nationalistic," used as a synonym for "virtuous" or "legitimate" or "good," led our mind into a maze of perplexities. We were brought up to believe that nationalism was a sort of excess of patriotism and, like any other excess of a good thing, brought many calamities to the world, such as wars, national hatreds, and the like.

But now the world has undergone a reformation. Secretary Dulles is by no means alone in thinking that when you call a foreign government "nationalistic" you really couldn't say anything better about it. Indeed, an editorial in *Life* magazine that we had read just before listening to the Secretary says: "Every son, daughter and even distant admirer of the American Revolution should be overjoyed and learn to shout, if not to pronounce, 'Hurrah for Ngo Dinh Diem!'" The great thing that commends Diem to *Life* is that he is "a simon-pure Vietnam nationalist."

But then we thought of something else—an article on China in the *Nation* by Kingsley Martin, editor of the British *New Statesman and Nation*. In a most pleasant way, Mr. Martin's article manages to convey the idea that the Reds are doing a wonderful job in China and that the Chinese people are solidly behind them. But what is the biggest plug for the Chinese Reds? "Even those who have a long anti-Communist record have been united by Mr. Dulles in support of Chou En-lai. The Chinese feel that a great, an almost despaired of, aspiration has been suddenly accomplished. The invading foreigners, British, Japanese and American alike, have been thrown out; communism has inherited the long-frustrated nationalism of China."

It's all terribly confusing since there can't be much in common between Kingsley Martin and Secretary Dulles, Premier Diem and Premier Mao. We can find no relief for our perplexities—only the memory of an equally bewildering situation we read about years ago.

In *Pinocchio*, one of those few great classics that encompass the whole of human experience, the Fox and the Cat, those two mean animals, had stolen all Pinocchio's money, and when the poor puppet went to denounce them he was promptly thrown into jail. There for a long time his wooden frame was kept, sadly rotting. One day Pinocchio heard great shouting and song of merriment: There had been a general amnesty, setting all crooks free.

Pinocchio, too, walked to the gate but the turnkey stopped him. "You can't leave, Mister, the amnesty does not apply to you; you're not a crook."

"You are quite wrong," the quick-witted Pinocchio snapped back, "I too am a crook." "I beg your pardon," the turnkey said, bowing low. And so Pinocchio walked out, free.

WILL THE DAY come when *Life* recognizes that Mao too is a nationalist? Will the coming negotiations between East and West result in the establishment of a new International—the International of Nationalisms? That would be a nice world to live in, free of perplexities and full of madness.

The Arsenal of Gadgets

General David Sarnoff, famous telecommunications pioneer, wartime brigadier general, and guiding spirit of the Radio Corporation of America, has come up with a forty-two-page memorandum to the President, presenting a program for a $3-billion political and propaganda offensive.

His program has met with a favorable domestic reaction. The President voiced his general approval of the Sarnoff call for an intensive propaganda campaign. Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, the Democratic Majority Leader, at a public dinner honoring General Sarnoff expressed support of his ideas and called for "the greatest political offensive in history."

Many of the proposals—intensive radio, newspaper, and film activities abroad—are things the U.S. Informa-

SECRETARY OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND LAISSEZ-WELFAIRE

Oh it's lucky I'm healthy and lucky I'm schooled
And faring sufficiently well,
Because if I weren't I would feel under-ruled
By this sedative Cabinet belle.

It's all very nice to be left on your own
At the mercy of doctor or state,
But it's nicer to know that there's milk in a stone
And a hand at the helm of your fate.

The lady is handsome, the lady is groomed
And adept at evasion and stall,
But the evidence shows (and it might be assumed)
That the lady is not on the ball.

—SEC

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tion Agency used to do before it was hamstrung in the early days of this Administration. Others, such as "a hand-operated phonograph device costing no more than a loaf of bread," to be supplied to millions behind the Iron Curtain for the playing of unbreakable records "costing less than a bottle of Coca-Cola" that would be dropped from airplanes, carrying our message, along with balloons, leaflet missiles, and "scrawls on walls," are fascinating excursions into propaganda gadgetry, somewhat reminiscent of Second World War days when the "dirty-trick department" of the O.S.S. toyed with such schemes as establishing clandestine radio stations purporting to be run by opposition groups behind enemy lines, dropping fake ration cards, and distributing to German soldiery spurious photographs showing Hitler in compromising poses.

ALTHOUGH it may be questioned whether a public listing of such weapons and its endorsement by the President is judicious at this time or any other, General Sarnoff may have performed a service by pointing at the need for strong and sustained initiative, particularly in our battered information establishment. The General speaks at length, however, about all the big guns he would like to set up, but not enough about the ammunition he would like us to put into them—except to have us say, with a stupendous roar, that we are against Communism.

Caught in the Middle

Who would have thought, when the jubilant announcement of Dr. Jonas E. Salk's triumph was made, that a month or more later it would be creating political and medical uproar across the land and causing the President himself to step forth in the role of a lecturer on immunology —a subject about which he knows less than he does about politics? Probably least of all Dr. Salk himself, who after the dramatic news of his success remarked to the press that he had by no means completed his work on the vaccine and was now going back to his laboratory to pursue it further.

Whatever the merits of the vaccine may finally prove to be, it has

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already become a classic case of how not to bring a major medical discovery before the world. What began as dedicated research has led to disaster in public relations.

Neither Chairman Basil O'Connor of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis nor Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby in Washington appears to have given thought to what effects this sensationalism might have in administering the drug. The Foundation for its part, its coffers depleted by the cost of developing the vaccine, was entirely dependent on contributions from the public to carry on its work, and therefore needed a big publicity campaign. The private pharmaceutical companies, in turn, could not be asked to underwrite a still risky experiment of gigantic proportions. The initiative of reconciling the voluntary effort of the Foundation, the private interest of the companies, and the general welfare of the public fell naturally into the area of government. But today's government is sold on the idea of partnership—at best co-equal with everybody.

One might have expected the three—government, Foundation, and companies—to sit down together to plan the work ahead, with the government taking the lead. But this is not what happened. With a Foundation living by private contributions on one side and a government abdicating its leadership on the other, the public was caught in the middle. The trouble is that children get polio but the government doesn't.

The Road to Reason

Early in May the National Executive Committee of the American Legion heard a two-and-a-half-hour talk by a former National Commander who had been investigating the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. Although UNESCO has long been a favorite target of the Legion (once it called UNESCO "those determined plotters who wish to destroy our way of life, capture our wealth, and enslave our people"), the veterans listened in silence while Ray Murphy told them they were wrong. Last fall the same group voted against joining UNESCO 51-6; this time they honored Murphy's report with a standing ovation.

Several years ago UNESCO representatives had tried to reassure the Legion by pointing out that various church groups, including the National Catholic Welfare Conference, were official members of the organization. But a Legion chaplain replied, "Those groups are just hotbeds of Catholic Communism."

Later, however, the Legion decided to make its own investigation. Ray Murphy, then as opposed as anyone, was picked for the job. Murphy went to work and to his surprise found that there was nothing wrong with UNESCO.

He and his group presented a unanimous report a year ago recommending that the Legion "give serious consideration" to joining the organization.

No action was taken then, and last summer the Legion Convention duly passed the usual resolution against UNESCO, charging that Murphy's group had only looked at "the good things that the State Department . . . had to say." In the fall the Legion's Executive Committee overwhelmingly turned down an invitation to join the National Commission for UNESCO.

Patiently Murphy went back to work. He and his committee got in touch with every member of the National Commission for UNESCO and wrote to every member organization. They examined every charge and invited opponents to testify. They read every publication put out by UNESCO and every publication attacking the organization. The Americanism Director of the Legion admitted to us that it was "a whale of a job of research."

In mid-May the Legion put out its own press release about the event. "A two-year investigation of UNESCO by an American Legion Committee," it says, "has produced an exhaustive report clearing this United Nations organization of left-wing charges . . ."

TV REPORT TO THE NATION

Let's make it cozy, let's make it fun,
Foster's a cutie, Ike is a dear—
Let's play Cabinet twice a year,
Foreign policy, anyone?

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

BACKBONES AND BANANAS

To the Editor: "My Ninety Days in Washington" by Edward Corsi in *The Reporter* of May 5 points up the ineptitude and fakery that is going on in Washington, especially in Mr. Dulles's Department. There is no doubt that the Corsi case points up the fact that the Administration does not mean what it says or say what it means. When the President in high tones speaks of the desire to aid the refugees and to liberalize our basic immigration laws, he just is giving us words not to be followed up by deeds. Appropriate amendments have been filed by myself and others to the Refugee Act of 1953 and the McCarran-Walter Act. No action has been taken and no action will be taken, unless the President exercises some degree of leadership. I doubt that he will.

The Administration, apparently, is heartless when it comes to matters of humanity. A glorified cop in the personage of Scott McLeod sets up an obstacle race for refugees before they can get in. A military martinet, in the personage of General Swing, is placed at the head of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The law he administers is bad enough but he administers as though each alien were a commodity, not a human being. There is no sympathy or humanity in the Administration of either the Refugee Act or the Immigration Law. It is high time the nation knew it. For all this inhumanity the President is responsible. He cannnot dodge liability by saying "I don't know." It is high time he knew what was going on. As for Dulles, I repeat what I said a few weeks ago when I was asked concerning the Corsi affair—"I could make a better backbone out of a banana."

EMANUEL CELLER
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: Mr. Corsi's article was most interesting and I shall look forward to reading the next edition. I may also say that Mr. Corsi made a fine witness when he appeared before my subcommittee.

WILLIAM LANGER
U. S. Senate
Washington

To the Editor: I always read *The Reporter* with a lot of admiration and especially want to congratulate you on the Ed Corsi story.

ESTES KEFAUVER
U. S. Senate
Washington

LIBYA

To the Editor: Ray Alan's criticism of the U.N. decision giving Libya its independence (*The Reporter,* February 24) reminds us of the attitudes of the imperialists who, because they feel that a certain country may have a different mode of life from what is familiar to them, should not enjoy the freedom of an independent nation.

The Arabs of Libya are quite aware of the problems in their country, but they prefer to ride the high road of adventure in shaping their own society and in coping with its problems independently without any foreign exploitation.

The whole purpose of Mr. Alan's article would have been defeated if he had opened his eyes to some of the qualities of King Idris I, the first King of the United Kingdom of Libya. He would have realized that our King has spent his entire life against Italian oppression and colonialism. He might have also been able to see that the King's magnanimity and great caliber in lifting himself above the petty problems of internal differences were the very traits that have consolidated the three provinces of Libya and made him the beloved King of Libya.

Libya has behind it a civilization of thousands of years. Its people have already proved their willingness to learn and develop in every sphere of life, and their recent independence has itself created in them that kind of courage which is bound to bring forth its desired fruits.

Unfortunately there are many Alans who are not capable of seeing the good and the possibilities embodied in it. The independence of Libya was one of the greatest achievements of the United Nations.

FATHY ABIDIA
Counselor of the Libyan Embassy
Washington

AN OLD STORY

To the Editor: Robert Ardrey's report on "proto-man" Australopithecus (*The Reporter,* May 5) was a brief but exciting adventure into antiquity for this reader, and he has no wish to belittle the work of anthropologist Dr. Raymond A. Dart or Mr. Ardrey's intriguing account of it.

But why is Mr. Ardrey "appalled at the philosophical fallout that such a thesis, if proved, could produce," namely, "that the earliest human assertion was murder"? A like thesis was proposed long ago and by a source widely read. Though it lacks anthropology's data on pre-history, it has nevertheless an idea or two about man's earliest behavior on the theshold of history. The text for Mr. Ardrey's article could well have been Genesis 4:8. ("And Cain talked with Abel his brother; and it came to pass when they were in the field that Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him.")

Whether "weapons had produced man, not man weapons" is, logically at least, a moot point for anthropology and theology both. At any rate, Dr. Dart's discoveries can only confirm ancient man's conception of himself, if confirmation is needed; they hardly reverse it.

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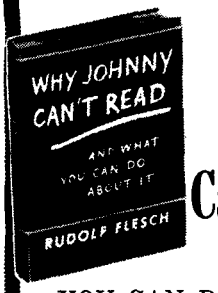

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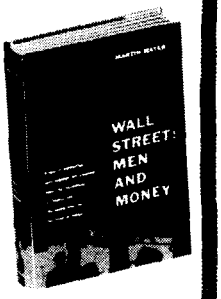

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OUR CHICKENS are really coming home to roost. A crisis is at hand —for the Grand Alliance as a whole and for each of its members. MAX ASCOLI's editorial examines the danger that we face. This is particularly necessary since our leaders are sometimes less than candid in the information they give us. We have in mind some of the recent television shows that Robert Montgomery may or may not have directed.

Italy has the sad habit of getting into the news only when some disaster occurs or seems likely to occur. CLAIRE STERLING, our correspondent for the Mediterranean, reports on the Italian political situation, which remains delicate in spite of the fact that the Italian Communist Party's strength is diminishing. Because the Communists have been powerful in too many sections of Italy for too long, prosperity has fattened them up and slowed them down. This situation offers an extraordinary opportunity to the parties of democracy. Nenni's Socialist workers may come into the democratic ranks and thus give the democratic parties a safe majority; but this, paradoxically, may strain the ties linking Italy to the Atlantic Alliance.

Now that Germany has become a new member of the Atlantic Alliance, we take, or want to take, for granted that this nation, which has almost miraculously emerged from disaster into vigor and health, will contribute its new strength to the alliance. MYRON M. COWAN, international lawyer, former Ambassador to the Philippines, Australia, and Belgium, suggests some reasons for doubt. His case is not based on the usual distrust and fear of the Germans but on the fact that they have no great taste for the rearming we are urging them to undertake.

EDMOND TAYLOR, who contributes frequently to *The Reporter*, writes about the man who is now at the heart of NATO, General Alfred Gruenther.

Following up his article in our May 5 issue, EDWARD CORSI exposes the almost incredible prejudices that still inspire our immigration legislation. The problem of importing human beings is even more complex than that of importing commodities, and provides appalling opportunities for unfairness and bigotry. Mr. Corsi demands that all the facts about immigration be presented to the public so that the American people can insist that our legislation be fair and wise.

Whenever we can report that something has been well done, we feel like flying the flag. The consequences of a nasty race situation in Philadelphia were recently averted by prompt and intelligent action. HANNAH LEES, who tells the story, is a Philadelphia novelist who worked for the creation of that city's new and very effective Commission on Human Relations.

The adventure story of a Greek boy who rose to riches is told by CURTIS CATE, formerly a roving correspondent in the Middle East for *Visión*.

OUR Memorial Day story is by RAY BRADBURY, whose field is no longer limited to the science fiction which first made his reputation. His story "Sun and Shadow," which appeared in *The Reporter* of March 17, 1953, won the 1954 Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award for the best short story.

The review of Allan Barth's *Government by Investigation* is by JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. Galbraith's most recent book is *The Great Crash, 1929*.

A BENJAMIN FRANKLIN Magazine Award has been presented to Dwight Macdonald for his *Reporter* articles "The Lie-Detector Era." Citations were also presented to Theodore H. White for his articles "Texas: Land of Wealth and Fear" and to the magazine itself for "meritorious contribution in the field of public service" by publishing Anthony Lewis's article "Victim of Nameless Accusers."

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Where the Wissahickon meets the Schuylkill and the Schuylkill joins the Delaware is located the city of Philadelphia. North 90 miles is New York, south 135 miles is Washington; 800 miles west is Chicago and 60 miles east is the Atlantic Ocean.

The fact that all of these places can be reached from Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad is evidence that, physically at least, the city is linked to the rest of the country. But in other ways, Philadelphia exists separate and apart.

The best guide to this unique city is a new book which isn't a guidebook at all, but a biography entitled "My Philadelphia Father," Cordelia Drexel Biddle's story of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

Father was a genuine individual of a type that has almost disappeared from the eastern U. S. He was a writer and publisher, a boxer who sparred with Fitzsimmons and taught Tunney, a singer who appeared in "Pagliacci" in Atlantic City (after threatening to throw the regular tenor in the ocean), the founder of the Drexel Biddle Bible Classes, and a believer in self-defense who, at the age of 70, instructed World War II Marines in judo.

As you read about him, you learn that there is more to Philadelphia than Ormandy and the Orchestra, cream cheese and scrapple, political conventions and the Army-Navy game, the Phillies and the Kansas City A's.

And the best (which means the most human and the most amusing) part of this other Philadelphia is in "My Philadelphia Father."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"My Philadelphia Father," by Cordelia Drexel Biddle, as told to Kyle Crichton ($4) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. There is a Doubleday Book Shop in Philadelphia's Broad Street Suburban Station.

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Back to Fortress America

THE RECENT MOVES of Soviet diplomacy have been generally interpreted—particularly by our government spokesmen—as evidence that the position of strength we have achieved has started "paying off." In fact, it is said, Soviet Russia is so anxious to have this strength of ours weakened that it is willing to pare down its own. Secretary Dulles recently told the nation over TV that the sudden Soviet change of mind over the Austrian peace treaty and on negotiations with the West in general was a reward for our "policy of strength and firmness and the standard of moral principles." As to how we got all this, he had a homely explanation: "You keep on steadily, steadily, keeping the pressure on, and all of a sudden you get a break." That was a memorable TV show, a milestone in government by television. Who will ever forget how effectively the flat words of Secretary Dulles were counterpointed and dramatized in the changing expressions on the President's face?

Others have said that the new course of Soviet diplomacy has been determined not only by our virtue but also by economic difficulties inside Russia, particularly in agriculture. Or maybe the Russians are worrying over China's power and ambition. All this spreads glossy smiles of self-congratulation over our leaders' faces. Only the visit to Belgrade of Bulganin and Khrushchev seems to arouse some uneasiness and brings little or no ethical solace to official Washington—although the point could be made that our assiduous search for another Tito has finally "paid off," since the men who rule Russia today are such good national-Communists, or Titoists, that they feel duty bound to pay a respectful visit to the proto-Tito of them all.

It may be advisable to explore at least another possible interpretation of the New Look that Soviet diplomacy has adopted—a New Look that may have been tailored to fit not Russian but American weaknesses and internal troubles. It is the part of wisdom to assume that our adversary knows us well and uses his knowledge to inflict on us the greatest possible harm.

The Extra Dividend

It may be assumed that Soviet diplomacy first works on our allies, then waits for the predictable American reaction to our allies' behavior, then goes back to work on our allies again. There can be no doubt that Russia's primary aim is to unhinge the Grand Alliance. Particularly since Stalin's death there is mounting evidence that the Russians have been steadily pursuing this wedging process, which lately has "paid off" rather well—for them. They have literally plagiarized the major proposals that France and Britain have been advancing for the last two years at the disarmament negotiations, and now they advocate the principle that reduction of conventional and unconventional armaments be gradual or, as it is said, "phased." They now subscribe to the notion that until the outlawing of nuclear weapons has been completed, a victim of an atomic attack is entitled to retaliate with A- or H-bombs—if it happens to belong to the atomic "haves."

In widening any crack there may be between the atomic haves and have-nots, Soviet diplomacy has done a precision job. Since it became known that any war in Europe would be fought with atomic weapons, peace has become ever more desperately cherished by our western allies, on whose cities democratic or Communist bombs may be exploded. Peace has acquired a new connotation on the Continent: no atomic air bombardment, no shooting of atomic guns. The presence on their soil of American air bases and atomic batteries does not make the Europeans comfortable.

FOR EACH European nation, Soviet diplomacy adds something like an extra dividend to the notion of peace. For the French, it is no atomic war, plus the prospect that German rearmament, after all, may never take place. For the Germans, it is no atomic war, plus unification. For other countries, like Italy, it is no atomic war, plus relaxation of internal tension. Since this tension is mostly contributed by the local Communist Party, the Russians can quickly deliver an installment on this extra dividend. In Italy, although with some bitterness and internal quarrels, the Communist Party can even agree to let its strength dwindle and Nenni slip out of its clutches.

The American reaction to the Europeans' anti-atomic peacemongering is of a nature that anyone who knows our country could easily predict. Do our allies stick by

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us or not? irate people ask. How can they impose on us a limitation in the use of the weapons we produce? The contagion of neutralism in Europe as well as in Asia is particularly bewildering to us, and indeed it is surprising that our spokesmen have, so far, reacted rather blandly to it. For Soviet-sponsored neutrality actually is nothing but one more bogus extra dividend offered by Russia to any nation anxious to gain an exemption from war—irrespective of the capacity the nation may possess to make its neutrality respected or of any multilateral agreement on the part of the major powers to guarantee it. Yet the idea of a neutrality belt from Finland to Yugoslavia does not seem to alarm our President. In a recent press conference, he stated that Austrian neutrality will be an armed one, like that of the Swiss, who, he said, "would fight to the death for it." This was a remarkable piece of news, of which the Austrians themselves had no inkling.

Away from It All

There are, however, much fiercer American reactions to be expected in the weeks immediately ahead, while the consultations prior to the meeting with the Russians go on. It may then become clear that some of our allies, aside from flirting with neutrality, take kindly to the idea that American bases may be reduced—or removed. A number of people here may snap back that if this is what the Europeans want, they can have it. Some military experts may suggest that, after all, as the range of our bombers increases, the need for foreign air bases proportionately diminishes, and moreover the era of intercontinental guided missiles may be just around the corner. If we have no reason to keep our soldiers stationed abroad, then the lodestar of American diplomacy, "enlightened self-interest," clearly shows us the way: Let's get back home, save money, and mind our business.

Quite a number of different forces are pulling us in this direction, and the Communist influence on most of them is negligible or nonexistent. The blundering verbosity of some of our political and military leaders has frayed the nerves of our allies and heightened their resentment at the moody, nagging character of our diplomacy. Our emphasis on the purely military aspect of the alliance and on the atomic side of our military preparedness has created a mood in many nations that is becoming crystallized into two ideas. One is neutrality, the other is the wish to gain the greatest possible independence of America. The Russians have done their bit to further the first idea by housing neutrality in a very central European location.

As to the second idea, the Russians have reason to be satisfied when they see how greatly unwilling Congress has been to lower trade barriers and eliminate racial discrimination in our immigration laws. By studying both allied and American politics they can measure the many forces that are pushing and pulling us back to Fortress America. Can there be any doubt as to their desire to keep the peace, at least until the process is finally consummated?

THERE IS, of course, Asia. There the Fortress has an outlying string of bastions, thousands of miles away. The suggestion that we might pull back from the most insignificant, untenable Asian outpost is considered even worse than appeasement—treason. But there, too, we may have to reckon with the stubborn determination of our major antagonist to use not only the seduction of neutrality and the verbiage of peace but actually to keep peace. Bandung proved that a bit of patience, a stint of all-around smiling, can get quite far. Our Asian antagonist, the Chinese, might disconcert us by *not* pulling the two triggers—Matsu and Quemoy—that some American high officials have put within their grasp. In Asia neutralism is, if anything, even rifer than in Europe, and the Communists at any time can launch an Austrian experiment in some border nation, no matter how tiny: Cambodia, for instance.

In Asia as well as in Europe, a condition of peace is developing—a condition that our antagonists assiduously cultivate, for they see in it the best possible guarantee of our undoing. This peace may prove to be for our nation, and indeed for our civilization, as ruinous as war. But this ruin cannot be prevented by war. All the prospects of warfare, nuclear or psychological, limited or unlimited, have been exhausted in the process of talking about them—incessant, reckless talking, made in the name of the most peaceful-minded people on earth, yet insistent and plausible enough to deject or scare our friends.

The Communists, we can assume, know better. They foster the kind of neutrality that keeps every nation isolated, disarmed, and soft. They must rejoice, seeing America dragged to the conference table by its allies, represented by men in constant dread of criticism from their own party, reluctant and unprepared to answer Russian or, for that matter, allied proposals—save by stressing the supreme importance of the NATO military alliance, the twelve German divisions, and the ring of imitation NATOs in other parts of the world. The Russians hope that the sorely tried bonds which still hold the Grand Alliance together may snap and the power of our country be safely locked up in Fortress America.

I DO NOT SAY that this is what is bound to happen. But I do say that this is what may happen because of the way our foreign policy has been conducted during the last few years—and not necessarily since the Republicans came into power. The danger that this may happen despite our vaunted position of strength and despite our virtue must be taken into account before considering what the program of our government should be in the coming round of negotiations.

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The Crucial Hour For Italian Democracy

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

THE ITALIAN Communists lost Fiat at the end of March. The vote among the employees of Turin's great auto works was 32,487 for the non-Communist unions against 18,921 for the Communist-controlled General Confederation of Italian Labor (CGIL)—almost exactly the reverse of the vote last year. For the first time since the war, the Communists were thoroughly beaten on their home ground, in the city where their party was born and among the most militantly revolutionary workers in the country.

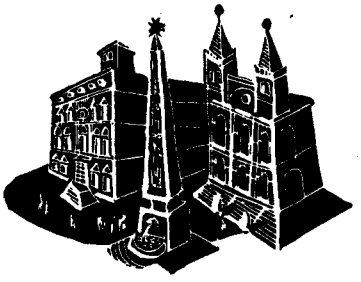
The Communists have been blaming everybody but themselves for their defeat in Turin—the management for intimidating the workers and turning Fiat into a "half-fortress, half-prison," and the Americans for threatening to cancel $32 million worth of offshore procurement contracts if the CGIL won. But it isn't very likely that the toughest trade-unionists in Italy could be intimidated so easily by management pressures. Nor is it probable that the Americans could do, in a few months with $32 million, what they haven't been able to do in ten years with the $5 billion they've sent to Italy. It was neither fear nor blackmail that defeated the CGIL at Fiat; it was loss of faith in the Communist Party.

ITALIAN workers have been faithful to the Communist Party longer than any others in Europe, and because of this popular support the Communists have come closer to winning a free national election here than anywhere else in the world. But it looks now as if the party has overreached itself. The political machine that has run so efficiently for so long is beginning to sputter.

What happened at Fiat is not an isolated case. True, the CGIL still has an over-all majority in the big northern factories, but the trend in all recent trade-union elections has been going against it.

The party itself still has more than two million dues-paying members of voting age. Its yearly income amounts to $40 million, perhaps $50 million; it has 365,000 employees—one to every six members—on its payroll; and it numbers among its thousands of publications the newspaper *L'Unità*, with the largest daily circulation in Italy.

Nevertheless it's losing what Italians call *mordente*, or bite. Not long ago, an organizer for an anti-Communist union couldn't even walk into Fiat without running the risk of a beating. It wasn't long ago, either, when industrialists in the northern third of Italy didn't hire a worker, let alone fire him, without the CGIL's approval; when a general strike call on any issue from wages to the Atlantic pact or the Rosenbergs' execution was an order, strictly enforced by the party's private militia; when landowners and priests didn't dare to appear on the streets after dark in the region of Emilia, where the party has its greatest strength; when all but leftist newspapers were burned on arrival at some Emilian railroad stations. The photographs of six Emilian workers who died in a riot in Modena still hang on the walls of the Modena public library—they are shown in their coffins with pictures of Party Secretary Palmiro Togliatti in their folded arms. The Modenesi come to party headquarters as usual on Sundays. But they come halfheartedly, for only a few minutes, and only after they've been to the movies or finished an outing into the countryside on the family Vespa. Neither in Modena nor in Bologna nor anywhere in Emilia do the landowners any longer need police protection.



THIS softening is evident all over the north. During the past year, industrialists have applied unprecedented pressures in CGIL strongholds from Bologna to Turin to Milan's industrial suburb of Sesto San Giovanni. All union activity has been forbidden on factory premises. Signs reminiscent of a former era have appeared, saying, "This place is for work, not for politics." Armed plant police have been increased to an average of one for every fifty workers. Employees affected by American offshore contracts—about 150,000 in Italy—have been told bluntly to vote against the CGIL or lose their jobs. All in all, some seven thousand CGIL shop stewards have been fired.

Not only has the CGIL failed to get these shop stewards reinstated; it has scarcely put up a fight for them. Its answers to the new pressure tactics have been meek indeed: Letters of protest have been sent to management, and signatures have been collected for petitions; in many cases where American offshore contracts are involved, agreements have been reached with management to let the

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anti-Communist unions win—in at least one case, after $20,000 had changed hands; CGIL strike calls have been few in number and have usually been only for token demonstrations of three or four hours;

Togliatti

strikes over political issues like European union have been a flat failure.

Scelba Cracks Down

Other sallies have been made against the party lately that would have been unthinkable a few years ago. Last December Prime Minister Mario Scelba announced a ten-point program to curtail some of the party's extralegal privileges, block some of its major financial sources, and rid the government service of those who fail to "give a sure guarantee of loyalty to the democratic state." Scelba had all the power he needed to do this same thing as Minister of the Interior—a post he held almost uninterruptedly from 1947 to 1954—but apparently he wasn't sure he could get away with it until recently.

Scelba's program has brought some results. The government has taken back 187 of the 200 state-owned buildings, formerly used as headquarters for Fascist organizations, that the Communists had occupied at the time of the Liberation. A few weeks ago the government took advantage of the relaxed atmosphere in Emilia to take over Bologna's Communist-run hospital system. A two-month inquiry had shown that the administration had run up a deficit of $200,000; that it had added a private pavilion to one hospital and furnished it, through public funds, with individual serving trays and night-table lamps costing $20 each and rugs costing $100 each; that several directors of the city hospital administration had been living in this pavilion rent-free.

All this is just a beginning. It would take years to investigate the financial dealings of the 1,048 towns and cities run by Communist mayors or of the ten thousand co-operatives from which the party is probably siphoning off funds. Moreover, short of a total embargo on all trade with Russia, the satellites, and China, no government could hope to catch up with all the front men and dummy corporations doing business for the party at an estimated profit of $20 million a year.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with Scelba's program, an organization called Pace e Libertà (Peace and Liberty) has been flooding Italy with wall posters and magazines calling attention to the Communists' corruption. Among other things, the posters have announced that many or most of the top party leaders were once informers for Mussolini's secret police; that party bureaucrats ride to work in expensive custom-built cars; that Togliatti's former wife once embezzled $5,000 from the party treasury; and that both Togliatti and others in the party secretariat keep mistresses—or "concubines" as Pace e Libertà puts it—who wear costly jewelry and furs.

Pace e Libertà claims much of the credit for the Communists' current decline. But as far as anyone knows its propaganda has not caused major defections among the Communist rank and file. Rather, according to those who know the Communists well, it has tended to revive a flagging sense of solidarity. Italians who join the Communist Party don't think it is the Salvation Army anyway. "There isn't much to be gained," says the ex-Communist writer Ignazio Silone, "in telling people who've lived through Fascism, the war, and the German occupation that all men are corruptible, and that Communists are no different from other men. The question isn't whether party leaders are scoundrels, but whether they're capable and effective scoundrels."

That seems to be the big question. The northern workers have withstood any number of pressures in the past, including mass excommunication by the Vatican, mainly because they have believed that the party leaders—scoundrels or not—would lead them to the revolution.

But the revolution hasn't come.

Togliatti Goes Slow

There's no doubt that this is at the bottom of the Communists' crisis. For a brief moment it came out into the open in a singular document circulated at the party's national conference in Rome last January by a group calling itself Azione Comunista (Communist Action). While the document is known to have been written by somebody outside the party bureaucracy, it clearly reflects views that are common among northern workers; it seems also to have reflected the views of Pietro Secchia, who was Togliatti's second in command until he was demoted just after the conference was over.

Why, asks *Azione Comunista*, didn't Italy have its revolution back in 1945, when, as Secchia said in the Senate at the time, the big industrialists were "dying of fear and full of servility"? Why, when Togliatti was Minister of Justice—and there were Communist Ministers of Finance, Public Works, and Transport in the Cabinet until 1947—did the party do nothing to change Italy's reactionary social and economic structure? Why, when the Communists have controlled more than a third of Parliament since 1953, have they been incapable of preventing the government from moving toward the Right? And why,

Secchia

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when the Party's numerical and electoral strength has been going up, should its ability to defend the working class be going down?

The answers are listed, in the best party jargon, as "parliamentary cretinism," "bureaucratic centralism," "satrapism," and "class collaboration." There are obviously other reasons, but short of confessing that he hasn't really been leading a revolutionary movement all along, Togliatti can't give them.

Togliatti hasn't taken a revolutionary position since April 1, 1944, when he returned to Italy from his Moscow exile bearing orders to collaborate with everybody—the King, the provisional Badoglio Cabinet, the Catholics—to win the war. It has become fashionable these days to blame the late President Roosevelt for inviting Togliatti into the Government at that time, thereby putting him on the road to power. Indeed, this has become one of Premier Scelba's favorite clichés. But the party had so many armed followers in 1944 that there was really no choice but to take Togliatti in, and actually he has been playing the role of the perfect democratic parliamentarian ever since.

It is now generally believed that Stalin didn't really want the Communists to take over Italy in the early postwar years: He had no desire for another Greek civil war in Europe and no objection to letting the United States rather than the Soviet Union spend the $5 billion needed for Italian reconstruction. What he wanted, then and later, was simply to have Italy neutralized by its own unresolved difficulties in the interests of Soviet foreign policy.

He couldn't have found a better instrument than Togliatti. After some dangerous flirtation with deviationism when he was in Moscow at the time of the great purges, Togliatti became a model Stalinist—later Malenkovite, and now Bulganinist. He is infinitely adaptable, cautious, and patient—ideally suited, with his professorial speech and the manner of a good bourgeois, to soothe apprehensions about firebrand Bolsheviks in the minds of a fearful middle class.

Togliatti's first concern, on his return, was to reassure this middle class. "We do not intend," he announced in 1945, "to ask for the bureaucratization of any part of the national economy . . . or to fight capitalism in general. . . . Even if we were alone in power today, we'd appeal to private initiative to help in the reconstruction, because we know that Italy isn't yet mature enough for certain tasks."

Togliatti then set out to build a large and relatively loose party, designed to hold the workers without frightening off all the other Italians he needed for his two major purposes: the manipulation of Italian foreign policy through public opinion and parliamentary influence; and, since force was ruled out, a long-term program of bringing the party to power through the ballot.

The policy had inherent risks.

Gronchi

Such a party couldn't screen its recruits very carefully or give them the rigorous ideological training a tough revolutionary movement requires. Moreover, it would have to make embarrassing compromises with the Church in a country that is ninety-five per cent Catholic. And it would repeatedly have to sacrifice not only the workers' political energies but also their interests for larger considerations.

The strategy hasn't prevented Italy from joining the Atlantic alliance or ratifying the Paris pacts. But it worked well enough to prevent the consolidation of a stable democratic majority in the 1953 elections. Having advanced that far, however, Togliatti has found himself, like Hannibal, standing at the gates of Rome but unable to get in; and like Hannibal's, his legions, not caring to be wasted on secondary objectives, are beginning to desert.

Having failed to win by constitutional means, Togliatti has begun to lose his attraction for the lawyers, doctors, dentists, notaries, salesmen, small businessmen, and small landowners who want radical changes but not a revolution. He has also lost most of his appeal for the workers, many of whom do, or at least did, want a revolution.

Where can Togliatti go from here? Not back to the revolution. Even while the storm was gathering over his head at the national conference last January, he was inflexible in his determination to carry out the party's mission as an adjunct of Soviet diplomacy. When Secchia spoke of trouble ahead and urged "an all-out fight for freedom in the factories," Togliatti replied: "The essential thing today is the fight against the imperialist warmongers. This is the theme of our party, and no question can be posed separately from this." Three months later, the party had gathered sixteen million signatures for a petition to outlaw the atom bomb—and Fiat had fallen.

It is becoming more and more evident that the northern workers don't share Togliatti's absorption with foreign affairs and imperialistic warmongers. They certainly don't care enough to submit cheerfully to the systematic destruction of their job security and their unions.

It is only in recent months that either the Catholic Italian Confederation of Labor Unions (CISL) or the Social Democratic Italian Labor Union (UIL) has been able to catch these workers' attention. But many workers are now beginning to feel that the CGIL has neglected their needs for so long that it has forgotten how to defend them. A union that refuses to be "provoked" into striking for the reinstatement of a shop steward, while it insists on striking against German rearmament, is no longer behaving like a union.

Last summer, CISL and UIL signed a national contract for the so-called *conglobamento*, a package wage increase that would benefit three million workers. The increases weren't

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big, but they were increases, a rare event in Italy. The CGIL refused to sign the contract.

Whither Nenni?

It is doubtful whether Togliatti and his 143 Communist Deputies yet realize that the working class they've been speaking for in Parliament also has to be answered to. The Communist leaders follow the principle of *tanto peggio, tanto meglio*—"The worse things are, the better they are." They are convinced that any swing to the Right, any return to anything like Fascism, would be bound to send thousands, perhaps millions, of democratic Italians into a Communist-guided Popular Front. No wonder that the workers who still have bitter memories of the "worse" under Fascism are inclined to question the wisdom of Togliatti's program. Many of them are beginning to feel that as things stand now, the Communist Party isn't so much a protection against Fascism as an invitation to it.

Whether this mood is temporary or permanent, it gives the democrats —in whatever non-Communist party they may be found—their first real break since the Liberation.

The immediate possibility is that Pietro Nenni's Socialist Party might finally be induced to reclaim its independence. Whatever his private thoughts—about which the rumors are endless—Nenni has so far refused to split with the Communists, mostly because he has believed that if he went, his workers wouldn't go with him. Many of these workers, however, don't seem to be as sold on the formula of working-class unity as they used to be.

Their restlessness can be measured by the results at Fiat, where UIL, with several "independent" Nenni Socialists among its candidates, came out with double the vote—from 5,889 to 11,613—it got last year. A better measure, though, is Togliatti's visible distrust these days of his once unshakable ally. As early as last October, the Communist Central Committee took over direct handling of the CGIL's finances, so as to control the amounts doled out to the few Socialists it still tolerates on the CGIL staff.

By this March, the party had become so distrustful that it cut the Socialists' usual ration of funds to a trickle for the Fiat elections, assigned a nominal role to the CGIL, and handled the campaign itself. So the party itself, not just the CGIL, suffered defeat.

MOST OBSERVERS feel now that Nenni's party can be won over in the foreseeable future, if not from the top then from the bottom. It is to the Socialist workers, the rank and file of Nenni's party, as well as to the left-of-center white-collar class that

Nenni

Giovanni Gronchi, the new President of the Italian Republic, has addressed his appeal. The hope that Nenni would bring the Socialist workers over to the democratic side has been lingering for years among democratic politicians in Italy. Now there is a new hope: that the Socialist workers may bring Nenni over to the democratic side.

Widespread fears have resulted, from rather different quarters. The prospect of Nenni and his workers somehow crossing the great divide is equally abhorrent at Communist Party headquarters on Via delle Botteghe Oscure and at the American Embassy.

Can Nenni be trusted? For years the destiny of Italian democracy has been revolving around this question. Now since Gronchi's election the chance that democratic politicians may take the risk of trusting Nenni has increased remarkably—particularly since the risk seems to be underwritten by a growing number of workers in Nenni's own party. On the other hand, there is the danger that the anti-Communist but leftist trend which has been visible in Italy since Gronchi's election may receive a severe setback if the Sicilian elections of June 5 indicate a further growth of the extreme Right and the extreme Left. To compensate for its losses in the north, the Communist Party has been pouring money and agitators into the backward rural south. It is said to have invested $10 million and five thousand activists in the Sicilian campaign; such an investment can undoubtedly bring returns from a peasantry that is still living in abject poverty and is still unaware of the fact that the party's revolutionary glamor is wearing off in the north.

BOTH THE prospects of Communist gains in Sicily and the fact that the Communist trade unions are losing in the north are keeping the national leaders of the anti-Communist trade unions rather fidgety.

The danger, as one UIL official has put it, is that the same industrialists who were once compelled to put up with everything in their factories will now refuse to tolerate any unionism at all: "They may make the mistake of interpreting the CGIL's growing weakness as an opportunity to take revenge on all the workers for the 'Big Fright' of the postwar era." The danger could become particularly great if the "Big Fright" is reawakened by the results of the Sicilian election.

ITALY is worth watching these days. With the Communist Party declining in the north and threatening from the south, with a new President who despite his limited powers seems determined to cut some of the Gordian knots of his country's politics, a decisive hour for Italian democracy may be at hand.

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West Germany, The Precarious Miracle

MYRON M. COWAN

TEN YEARS AGO, Americans who entered old Frankfurt-am-Main to take up occupation duties found a city whose heart had nearly been leveled into rubble. Today, Frankfurt's rebuilding has gone so far that recently its city council received a request to leave one block of ruins in a state of devastation in order to remind Frankfurt citizens that there had actually been a war.

All West Germany is the scene of such phenomenal revival out of dust and ashes, and today the Federal German Republic, Europe's newest sovereign nation, is also its most booming one. With a population of fifty million, it is producing at almost double the rate of Hitler's Reich of seventy million. There has never been so swift a resurgence. Yet there remain several uncertain factors that neither Germans nor their western neighbors can safely overlook.

A German banker remarked to me, "When you start from the bottom, you have nowhere to go but up." Particular forces and men, however, determined what road this course would take. The start of the way up occurred not immediately at the end of the war but a few years thereafter, and the decisive impetus toward it was given by the United States. The Founding Father of the Federal Republic, as well as its economic prime mover, was none other than General Lucius D. Clay, our military governor for Germany in 1946-1949.

Prior to the economic and political reforms initiated by General Clay in 1948, flattened West Germany lived on the "cigarette economy," in which the American cigarette replaced the inflated Reichsmark as the yardstick of value. The food ration was set at 1,500 calories daily, a substandard diet, and even this often sank to 1,200 calories daily. Lack of food, housing, and consumer goods, plus a worthless currency, resulted in a stagnating industry. Steel production in 1946 limped along at 2.6 million tons. There was little incentive to work. Membership in the Communist Party of West Germany began to climb.

By the summer of 1946, General Clay and his aides had become disillusioned about the intentions of the Soviet Union. They were fully aware that the Kremlin was going to push its sphere of influence as far west as possible. A negative, punitive policy toward Germany only played into the hands of the Communists. Besides, the U.S. Army had to spend $1 billion in relief funds to feed the hungry Germans and to provide vital necessities for their economy. The Army wanted to get the Germans "off the U.S. taxpayer's back."

'Bizonia' and 'Trizonia'

So General Clay persuaded the British to join in forming "Bizonia"—an economic fusion of the two occupation zones under a German administration designed to co-ordinate and restore the trade and industry of this area. "Bizonia" (which later became "Trizonia" with the French co-operating) was a step toward German government.

But this was not enough. General Clay again took the lead. He realized that a West German government must be formed to give it a political identification and that West Germany must be made economically viable if it were to become a barrier against the westward spread of Communism. It was General Clay who carried with him not only the British and French but also the reluctant political leaders of West Germany to establish the Federal Republic in Germany.

The Kremlin saw that General Clay's program was a direct challenge to Soviet foreign policy. To halt the Americans, the Russians imposed the Berlin blockade, thereby facing the United States with a supreme challenge. General Clay cabled the Pentagon on April 10, 1948: WE HAVE LOST CZECHOSLOVAKIA . . . WHEN BERLIN FALLS, WESTERN GERMANY WILL BE NEXT. IF WE MEAN . . . TO HOLD EUROPE AGAINST COMMUNISM, WE MUST NOT BUDGE. . . IF WE WITHDRAW, OUR POSITION IN EUROPE IS THREATENED. IF AMERICA DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THIS NOW, DOES NOT KNOW THE ISSUE IS CAST, THEN IT NEVER WILL AND COMMUNISM WILL RUN RAMPANT. I BELIEVE THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY REQUIRES US TO STAY.

And stay we did, along with our Allies. With an effective airlift, we induced the Russians to raise their blockade. Today in east Berlin there is a Stalinallee; in west Berlin a Clay-Allee. The former is a street name imposed on the Berliners by their Red conquerors; the latter was given by grateful Berliners to honor the man who saved them from Communist domination.

Enter the Deutsche Mark

On the economic side, meanwhile, the metamorphosis of West Germany began with the currency reform of June, 1948. At one stroke, ninety per cent of the liabilities and securities (in Reichsmarks) of individuals and corporations were wiped out; one new Deutsche mark was paid out for every ten of the old. To meet the squeeze of current expenses, shopkeepers as well as big businesses had to put their hoarded stocks on the market. For the first time in years, Germans could buy a pair of shoes, or a dozen eggs, or a piece of wearable cloth. The "D.M." was accepted

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quickly as valid money—replacing the American cigarette—because it could purchase goods. So the happy cycle started: Money spent to buy goods provided funds for business to produce more goods.

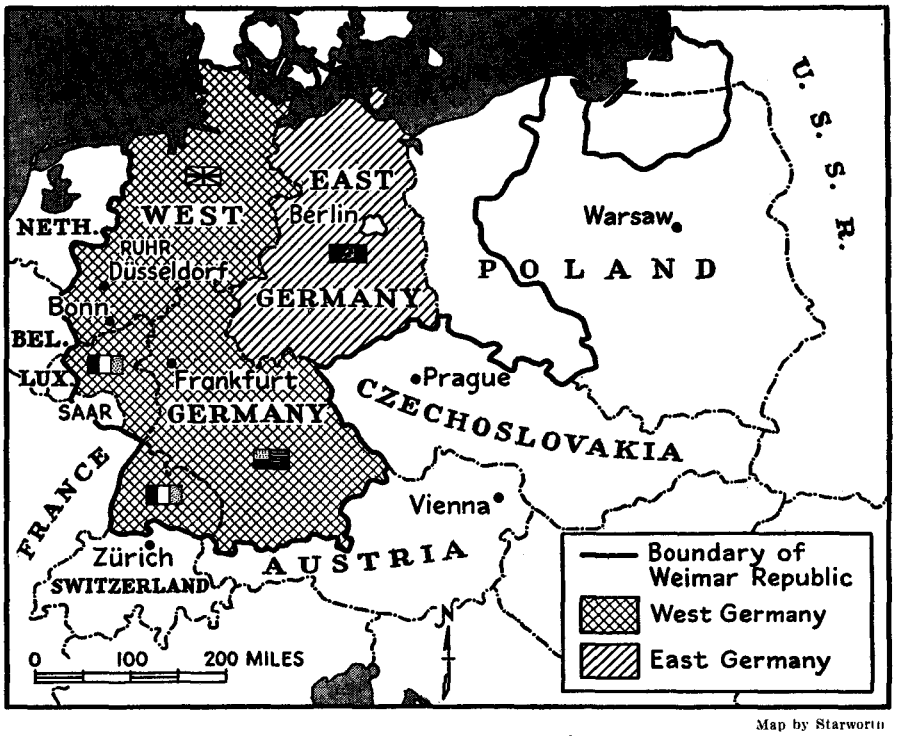
The success of the D.M. was helped by $3.5 billion of Marshall Plan aid coupled with extensive U.S. Army dollar help. It was these billions that effectively primed Bonn's economic pump, once German officials had brought themselves to realize their potentialities for free enterprise. Under their initial controls, West German Administrations had first sought to channel money into economically or socially beneficial projects such as housing. But in December, 1948, Professor Ludwig Erhard—Bonn's Economics Minister—lifted these controls. Erhard was the leading exponent of free enterprise, which he preached with all the fervor of a modern Saint Paul. He argued that if people were free to use their money as they saw fit—to open a restaurant, a movie theater, or even a beauty parlor—they were actually benefiting the economy as much as by building houses. And he was proved right. For his measure further strengthened the D.M. and provided the required stimulus to the convalescent economy by giving Germans freedom to do business unrestricted by government red tape.

The result of this has been that in the short space of half a dozen years, free-enterprise capitalism starting out from wreckage has revealed its superior vitality as against socialist or Communist methods in a demonstration unequaled elsewhere.

Taxes and Incentives

Still, after the 1948 currency reform there was literally no German investment capital left. How to meet this crucial need? This was done in numerous and ingenious ways.

The Bonn government was required to match every Marshall Plan dollar—usually in the form of raw materials such as gasoline, cotton, grain, and sulphur—in local currency as counterpart funds. The Bonn government then formed the German equivalent of our old Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which loaned out these funds to industry for rebuilding and modernization. The German "RFC" has completed its task and is now in the process of liquidation.



Map by Starworth

Changing Germany (national flags indicate former zones of occupation)

West Germany then set up perhaps the highest tax schedule in the free world, making it prohibitively expensive for an industrialist, big or little, to take his profits for his personal use. Taxes on a 100,000-D.M. income came to 80,000 D.M.

But the government provided special incentives whereby a German businessman could escape heavy taxes. If, for example, a German invested his profits in state bonds or state housing, such profits were tax exempt. These state bonds provided fresh funds that were loaned back to industry and business for rebuilding and modernization.

Perhaps the most striking success for this scheme was registered in shipping. The Bonn government permitted a tax exemption to anyone who invested profits in shipping or shipbuilding under clause "7-d" of the tax law. It attracted over $300 million of German money out of the $500 million that went into the postwar rebuilding of a merchant marine, and made West Germany the world's second largest shipbuilder.

The German automotive industry provides another example of how the "up-by-the-bootstraps" technique has worked out through financing out of profits and depreciation. Heavily damaged by the war, the industry is now at more than three times its 1938 level of production, and the Volkswagenwerke, producing a thousand cars per day, has become the fourth largest individual automobile manufacturer in the world, following General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler.

TODAY, in spite of foreign debts that include the major portion of $822 million reparations to Israel for Nazi crimes, the Bonn budget is in balance, and a major tax cut is going into effect. The Bank Deutscher Laender—Germany's equivalent of our Federal Reserve system—now has a comfortable gold and foreign exchange reserve totaling $2.7 billion, earned from exports. Bonn has become the largest creditor in the European Payments Union. Together with the British, it is working to make its currency freely convertible with the dollar. In spite of the fact that it has had to absorb approximately ten million refugees from the east—a large percentage of whom are elderly or handicapped—West German unemployment last December was 1,288,000 in a nation of fifty million.

Unquestionably, this is a brilliant

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record of revival. One must take in account also the factor that until only yesterday, West German scientists, technicians, and industrialists had been working under Allied restrictions in many fields such as arms and aircraft production and atomic energy, in which they are only now free to begin to catch up with western technology. "The industrial boom in Germany is continuing and still gaining momentum," said the Bank Deutscher Laender in a recent survey.

Consumers and Cartels

Still, under the glittering surface there are elements of insecurity. While West Germany's economic spurt has now given it almost an embarrassment of riches, orders have gone down from Bonn to various government agencies to play down the "economic miracle" in all contacts with Germans or foreigners and to stress instead Germany's continuing problems and weaknesses.

One of Germany's basic weaknesses is its failure to develop a substantial domestic consumer-goods market. Top priority had been given to build up foreign trade. A second weakness —but not admitted publicly—is the continuation of Germany's "cartel mentality." This hinders the growth of a more viable domestic economy. The cartel mentality is not solely confined to big business. Surprisingly enough, Germany's Socialist Party and the Trade Union Federation—representing six million workers—have also come out in support of what they call "good cartels." It is German dogma that a cartel provides more economic security for all—worker as well as employer—than unhampered free enterprise.

A third potential weakness is the impact of the planned West German remilitarization, whose cost is estimated at a minimum of $10 billion, on the German economy. German politicians and businessmen have been blithely maintaining that it will have no adverse effects. They are selling themselves the old thesis that one can have guns and butter too.

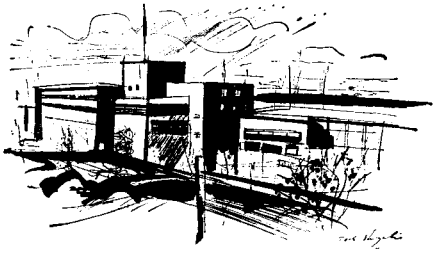
However, in Zürich hardheaded Swiss bankers are expressing doubts about this German attitude. They say the Germans are only fooling themselves and that their rearmament program cannot be accomplished for even $10 billion (plus American supplies of heavy equipment) and this initial capital outlay cannot help slowing down the booming economy.

Gambles and Gamblers

Meanwhile, the German capital shortage that still persists, according to the "poor-mouth" talk of German bankers and industrialists, has in effect made the Deutsche mark "work overtime." The margin between national solvency and bankruptcy is thin indeed. For example, approximately sixteen and a half times the capital of German banks is out on loan today. Of this amount, more than six times the capital is committed in loans of four years or more, almost twice the capital in loans from ninety days to four years, and the balance in short-term (ninety-day) loans. For a country allegedly without a substantial pool of capital funds, this is a great gamble. But then, the whole postwar reconstruction of West Germany has been one big gamble.

In charge of the game are such skillful, conservative men as Wilhelm Vocke, director of the Bank Deutscher Laender; Herman J. Abs, an international financier and the "Jesse Jones of Germany"; Fritz Schäffer, Bonn's Finance Minister, who balances the national budget; Robert Pferdmenges, private banker, intimate friend and adviser of Dr. Adenauer; and Professor Ludwig Erhard, the apostle of free-enterprise capitalism.

But this is not the only gamble West Germany faces. Its political scene, which has outwardly shown growing pro-western stability and strength, also exhibits undercurrents



of increasing uncertainty. Chancellor Adenauer, openly committed to a pro-western and pro-American policy, is lucky in that his legislative branch is one of the few in western Europe that have no Communist Deputies. They were eliminated in the September, 1953, election and the Chancellor's coalition enjoys a two-thirds majority in the Bundestag. Nevertheless, in spite of Bonn's recent ratification of the Paris mutual-defense agreements, his coalition Government is showing serious signs of coming apart at the seams. The Free Democratic Party, spokesman of big business and industry in West Germany, is charting a new course, seeking "normal diplomatic and economic relations" with the Communist bloc. Adenauer is distinctly against this—at this time. The Socialist Party, Adenauer's principal Opposition in the Bundestag, has him on the defensive in the question of German rearmament. Dr. Adenauer made substantial concessions to the Mendès-France Government on the Saar problem to get agreement in Paris for German sovereignty and rearmament. These concessions have been bitterly contested, both inside and outside the Bonn government. And the "Saar solution" remains far from being that.

The Rearmament Struggle

Under the West German Constitution, the Chancellor remains in office for four years, and can be removed only if the Bundestag first agrees upon and elects a successor by majority. This would be highly unlikely to happen to Adenauer. However, while the aged Chancellor is a strong man and on the economic side has been fortunate to be advised by similarly vigorous brains, on the political side he has not surrounded himself with strong men. The most uncomfortable fact about the Bonn Administration today is that American foreign policy is firmly tied to the life expectancy of this seventy-nine-year-old statesman. If he should die or leave office, both his Government and his pro-western policies probably would be shattered in a struggle for power by a group of political mediocrities.

In the rival pulls on them to link their fortunes either with the West or East, the Germans recognize that they are caught in the very front line of the political and economic struggle between the two camps, and self-interest has made them consider certain facts in between.

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First, individually and collectively the Germans—at least the West Germans—are governed by an instinctive desire for personal and national security. They want to regain political and economic equality among the nations of Europe.

Also, there is widespread antipathy in West Germany toward "remilitarization" of the country. Whether a majority of West Germans are in favor of rearmament or against it is still hard to say. But there is certainly enough evidence of German unwillingness to rebuild an armed force to provide grounds for doubt. Chancellor Adenauer himself showed his awareness of organized labor's opposition to the rearmament program when he made a highly publicized visit to the Düsseldorf home of Walter Freitag, head of the German Trade Union Federation, to appeal for support—a gesture comparable to President Eisenhower's journeying to Detroit to visit the AFL's George Meany to gain backing on a key issue.

But not only does German labor show reluctance to support rearmament. Big business and industry have been hanging back as well, affected by hard material facts. The order books of the German steel industry are filled to capacity for months to come. Demand for consumer goods is growing in Germany and this is affecting business thinking as a whole. "Why interfere with this boom for the sake of a rearmament program that will cut down production and sales of consumer and industrial goods, both abroad and at home?" asked a Ruhr industrialist.

Lure of the East

Much more interesting to the business world is the possibility of increased trade with the Communist bloc—especially Red China. The Chancellor may focus his attention on the West, but the Ruhr is looking eastward. German businessmen see the British, French, Dutch and Belgians making trade agreements with the Communist bloc, and they now want the same rights.

The prospects of trading with Red China are particularly tempting to many Germans, possibly because distance lends enchantment. German exporters see in Red China's industrialization a great new market for a wide variety of heavy capital goods and equipment such as steel mills, rolling stock, bridges, telephonic and other communications systems, machine tools, rails, pipelines, cement factories, and electrical supplies.

It must also be remembered that a ruling impulse of Germans whose country is split by the Iron Curtain is to reunite it, and Bonn knows that this can be done only by making some kind of a deal with the U.S.S.R., master of the eastern territories.

FINALLY, the development of the hydrogen bomb by both America and Russia has frightened the Germans, as it has the British and the French. The presence in the Rhineland of "Atomic Annie," the new 288-millimeter U.S. atomic cannon, is very unwelcome. The Germans have pondered information handed out by the U.S. Army that "Atomic Annie" has a firing range of twenty miles, and feel that in the near future Russia too will bring up atomic cannon. If American and Russian atomic cannon should fire at each other, a lot of German real estate would disappear in smoke and dust. This fear dampens any enthusiasm for a close military alliance either with the East or the West that would involve Germany as a belligerent.

'Stalingrad vs. Detroit'

In attempting to evaluate German thinking today, I believe the term "Stalingrad vs. Detroit" sums up much of it. The German would like to avoid being attached or subjected to either. Stalingrad, the place where 300,000 of Hitler's men were annihilated at the turning point of the war, stands as the symbol that the Red Army today, and probably for generations to come, is militarily the dominant force on the European continent. "Detroit," equally thought-provoking, stands for America's great industrial and technological superiority. Twice within living memory, America has meant to Germany the difference between winning or losing a war. With its infinitely greater resources, America could make life unpleasant for a hostile or pro-Communist Germany. Could Germany risk offending the strongest single world power?

It may seem unrealistic in Moscow, as it certainly does in Washington, to think of a "third force" between Communism and the western world. Yet the idea of such a force—which does not imply the defenseless neutrality of the impotent or weak—is clearly gaining ground in Germany today. The Federal German Republic, for all its upsurge, stands in need of peace and time to consolidate its gains. Its achievements are brilliant, yet its position remains precarious. The one thing it cannot afford is to be a battleground again. Its dream, instead, is to become the fulcrum of an East-West balance of power.

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The Atlantic Alliance: After Gruenther, What?

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

AT SHAPE headquarters not long ago, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, the deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, prefaced a gruesome press conference on atomic-age strategy with an oddly emphatic tribute to his American boss, General Alfred M. Gruenther. There had been rumors, he reminded us, that General Gruenther might soon be promoted out of his job as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe and called back to Washington (as Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, or possibly as chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs).

"But I maintain that Al Gruenther is wanted right here at SHAPE," Montgomery declared. "That's what I maintain. I do indeed."

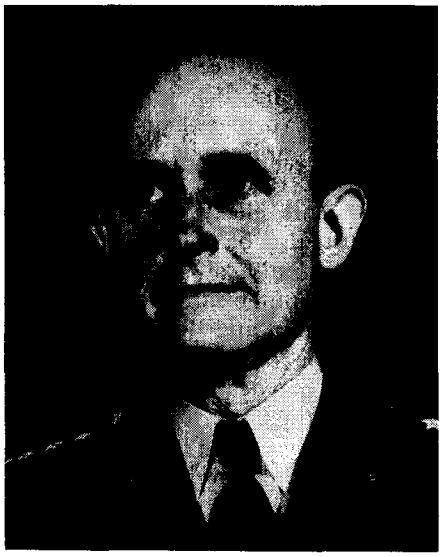
The Field Marshal's prose style, like that of Gertrude Stein, is sometimes repetitious, but on this occasion there was no possibility of mistaking his meaning. The same sense of urgency about maintaining Gruenther as Supreme Commander was voiced by every Allied official here to whom I mentioned his name.

All this concern is highly flattering to the high captain of the Atlantic world. But it also throws a somewhat disquieting light on the solidity of the essential Atlantic institutions six years after the signing of the Atlantic pact. Year by year the military shield that Gruenther and his predecessors have been forging grows stronger, but—as the concern over the General's replacement indicates—the delicate equilibrium of divergent national interests within the coalition is no less precarious. In fact, the political and psychological vulnerability of the alliance may be increasing in direct ratio to the growth of its military efficiency. Witness, for example, this comment by a high NATO official of one of the medium-sized powers:

"Gruenther is the indispensable man at this point. It would be a real disaster to the West if he were moved until we are over this hump."

He was not thinking about the current Soviet diplomatic offensive that was one of the main items on the agenda of the May Council meeting, or about the stealthy spread of European neutralism that seriously disturbs some NATO authorities. Instead he was referring to a development that Atlantic military and

Wide World



civilian leaders have been looking forward to impatiently for nearly five years—the admission of Germany into the alliance. From the military point of view this is the most important event in the history of NATO since the founding of SHAPE. In the opinion of the military experts the twelve German divisions—once they exist and provided they are supported with American atomic arms—will make possible the defense of western Europe, while without them most of the Continent would be doomed to invasion in case of war.

Why is this apparent western triumph at the same time a crisis so perilous that only a guide of Gruenther's unique skill can safely lead the NATO powers over it? Why, more generally, can the effectiveness of the whole alliance seemingly be so influenced by the personal qualities of one of its military servants? The answers to these questions lie in Gruenther's personality and techniques of leadership, and the problems he has to cope with.

Punctilio in matters of national prestige naturally plays a big role in SHAPE planning at all times, and the General's sensitivity to its niceties is one of his valuable assets. A supreme test of his adroitness was posed by the problem of absorbing German armed forces into SHAPE.

"At the proper time we shall be glad to welcome our German colleagues here," a French member of the General's staff remarked to me, "but of course the Germans must understand that they are starting from scratch, militarily speaking, while all the other members of NATO joined the alliance with armed forces already in being. Then, too, we have developed a smoothly functioning staff machine out here and the Germans can't expect us to turn everything upside down overnight to make room for them."

Room for the Germans

Some of the more explosive implications in the problem of making room for German staff officers at SHAPE were gleefully revealed by the neutralist weekly *France-Observateur*, whose editor, Claude Bourdet, recently returned all his decorations except the Croix de la Libération to the President of the Republic as a protest against Germany's acceptance into NATO. Gruenther, *France-Observateur* declared, was planning to appoint General Kurt Hasso von Manteuffel, commander of the Fifth Panzer Army during the Battle of the Bulge, as his ground-forces deputy, in which case, according to the French weekly, Marshal Juin, Commander Allied Forces Central Europe, would come under the orders of a German general.

There was considerable distortion in this version. For one thing, any German officers on the SHAPE staff will merely be assistants to the Supreme Commander and will not be able to give orders to anybody. But SHAPE could not afford to put out a categorical denial because eventually it will be necessary to give some German general a big staff

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appointment. And whoever the general or whatever his title, he will play a prominent role in shaping the Allied strategy for Europe, which in case of war will largely determine whose ground forces will be sacrificed and whose given a chance of survival, whose provinces are spared the atomic or thermonuclear holocaust and whose devastated.

This lends special vividness to the recurrent nightmare of many French and other European leaders: the possibility that German neutralism or nationalism may some day break through the barriers Chancellor Adenauer has tried to build and cause some future German government to pull out of NATO, leaving the other members of the alliance much worse off than if Germany had never been rearmed. There is also the reverse nightmare that Germany might somehow drag its allies into a crusade to recover its lost territories.

Psychological Patterns

Neither Gruenther nor anybody else can make the Europeans absolutely nightmare-proof. But he has deepened their confidence by his handling of the problem. Resisting the natural tendency of Washington to beat the drums about German participation in SHAPE, he has taken the commonsense view that the first Germans to be brought into his headquarters should essentially be liaison officers dealing with the special problems of fitting the developing German forces into the SHAPE framework. In his view, it is only when the new German Army has taken form that German staff officers can begin to participate usefully in the general activity of headquarters. This adroit formula avoids any implication of discriminating against the new arrivals but provides what is in effect—though not in name—a probationary period. During this period the psychological patterns of relationship between German officers and their NATO allies will be set—probably irrevocably—and Gruenther knows that all sorts of trivial details will play an important role in setting them, including such details as the uniform the Germans put on.

When Gruenther was Chief of Staff at SHAPE—first under Eisenhower, then under Ridgway—it was his business to look into such details. That is why, when Gruenther was named to succeed Ridgway as SACEUR on July 11, 1953, some observers voiced doubts about his ability to practice the rare art of command at the highest levels. The doubters turned out to be right in one way and wrong in another. Gruenther had no difficulty in learning to look at the big picture through a Supreme Commander's spectacles. The speed with which he grew into his new job surprised even his greatest admirers. On the other hand, he never completely grew out of the old one. He simply works with equal efficiency at two levels. Little that happens around headquarters escapes him.

That Memory

Not only does his brain work like lightning but he has remarkable powers of recall and a photographic memory. He has never had time really to learn French but he can memorize a long speech in that language and deliver it—letter perfect, with an atrocious Nebraska accent—hardly understanding a word he is saying. Recently when he flew to London to talk to a committee of the House of Commons he asked the British brigadier who was accompanying him to test him on his memory of the names and faces of the British M.P.s who at one time or another have visited SHAPE. The Britisher would hold up a photograph covering the explanatory caption under it with his hand, and Gruenther would name the parliamentarian and mention a few salient facts about him. He had the right names—and other data—for every one of the faces, two hundred of them.

If you mention the subject of efficiency the Supreme Commander will almost certainly confess that SHAPE falls below his ideal—the language problem alone makes that inevitable—and he will look genuinely depressed as he says it. Then, very likely, his face will light up again as he adds, "But it is the happiest headquarters I have ever known." Gruenther may overvalue efficiency, but he does not value it above good human relationships, despite the almost Prussian brutality with which he sometimes tongue-lashes the American members of his staff (never

the others) for minor fumbles. He drives his helpers cruelly, but he is considerate of them in other ways. Every SHAPE officer gets a handwritten note from the General on his birthday. When he visits the NATO capitals on official trips he loads his plane or his car with packages of toys that he distributes to the children of Prime Ministers, generals, and chauffeurs.

Cynics maintain that all this is a calculated public-relations strategy, and up to a point they are probably right. Nearly everything that Gruenther has ever done has been calculated, because he hates to leave anything to chance. But public relations merge very naturally into human relations for the son of a country editor, and Gruenther seems to have retained a homely Midwestern liking for people. One of the reasons why Ridgway, a great combat soldier, seemed out of place at SHAPE was that he surrounded himself with a hand-picked team of U.S. officers and seldom talked to any non-Americans. Gruenther goes out of his way to emphasize the international character of SHAPE and tries to set an example by associating both professionally and socially with the British, French, and other non-American officers on his staff. He has succeeded

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in establishing warm friendships with his two most prickly subordinates, both his seniors in age and rank: Field Marshal Montgomery and Marshal Juin.

'Antidote to Dulles'

Gruenther's international viewpoint is reflected in the speeches he makes at home as well as in what he does or says at SHAPE. Bulldozer tactics do not work as well in the world of ideas as in the world of material things, he warned the North Dakota Legislative Assembly in a speech delivered at Bismarck last February.

"It is a question of forging an alliance which is going to last for years and years and years often under very trying and irritating conditions," he explained. "All allies are not going to do what you want them to do. The only perfect allies, we feel, are ourselves; all the rest, we think, make mistakes . . ."

Naturally, our European Allies like an American military leader who talks in this way to his fellow countrymen. They like him all the better because they are unaccustomed to such language. Gruenther is so highly valued here—possibly overvalued—because he is the antithesis of the tendencies Europeans resent, fear, or disapprove of in current American policy.

"Gruenther is the only known antidote to Dulles," bluntly declared one of my French friends.

ODDLY ENOUGH, in his official utterances the General usually has to uphold the same ideas that so infuriate our Allies when they are voiced by Mr. Dulles or one of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff. He does so with vigor, tenacity, and, apparently, conviction. Even in private or off-the-record conversation he does not give the impression of having any strikingly original views of his own, in either the strategic or political fields. Where he differs most from many other American public servants who are trying to promote the national interest abroad is in his freedom from the procedural fetishism that frequently makes our diplomacy seem self-righteous and peevish.

For example, Gruenther supported the proposal for a European Defense Community as long as it was U.S. national policy to do so, and never gave any indication of having misgivings about it. Yet last spring when Marshal Juin publicly attacked EDC and was sacked as military adviser to the French government by Premier Joseph Laniel, Gruenther took a strong stand against the efforts of some fanatical "Europeans" to strip Juin of his NATO command. Again, after the French Assembly threw EDC out last August, Gruenther—strongly supporting and supported by Ambassador C. Douglas Dillon—lost no time in launching friendly discussions in regard to an alternative formula for German rearmament with the then Premier Pierre Mendès-France, whom Washington tended to look on at the time as a diplomatic pariah. On the eve of the London conference he even took the bold step of writing a signed article for the pro-Mendès weekly *L'Express* that explicitly expressed confidence in Mendès's good faith and reasonableness.

The Have-not Members

While the General's courage and tactical skill are much admired, certain NATO circles feel that more dynamic and imaginative leadership is needed from some quarter if the alliance is long to survive.

"I fear that we've allowed ourselves to become hypnotized with the purely military aspect of western defense," the representative of one of the Mediterranean members of NATO said to me. "Personally I doubt that all these airfields and pipelines we're building have any value at all, unless it is economic. If war comes it's going to be fought with hydrogen bombs and nothing will be left. Consequently nobody is going to start a war. The real danger is the political penetration of Communism, exploiting the contrast between the haves and the have-nots in the Atlantic community. Helping countries like Italy, Greece, and Turkey to raise their living standards is a lot more important than getting twelve German divisions or building new airfields that will probably be obsolete by the time we've got them built. Liberalizing your tariffs and particularly your immigration laws is more important than sending us atomic cannon."

This statement reflects the special outlook of the economically underdeveloped members of NATO and seems to underline the urgency of the proposals that are being talked about in some European circles for a sort of Mediterranean Marshall Plan financed by the richer European powers with U.S. help. Gruenther in his public utterances frequently emphasizes the importance of raising low European living standards, but as commanding officer at SHAPE he has little say on purely economic questions. Moreover, he is committed by his job to oppose any relaxation of the NATO military effort. This position indirectly condemns any really ambitious economic effort in the Mediterranean or elsewhere.

Some observers feel that NATO might compensate at least partially for this handicap by intensifying cooperation among its members in the exchange of technological and scientific information.

Gruenther is aware of this problem and has struggled to overcome it. Thanks mainly to his efforts, the President has recently authorized a greater exchange of information concerning the military applications of atomic energy with our NATO Allies. It will now be legally possible for Gruenther to pass on to his field commanders like Juin enough information about the effects of atomic weapons for them to know when to ask for atomic support from American planes or artillery units without wasting nuclear ammunition or endangering their own forces. They still can't be told what an atomic bomb looks like, however, a SHAPE expert explained to me.

Safety Valve

Gruenther has undoubtedly sensed the reluctance of the larger European powers to raise NATO much above the status of a conventional military alliance, and he has avoided crowding them. He appears to realize that NATO needs protection both

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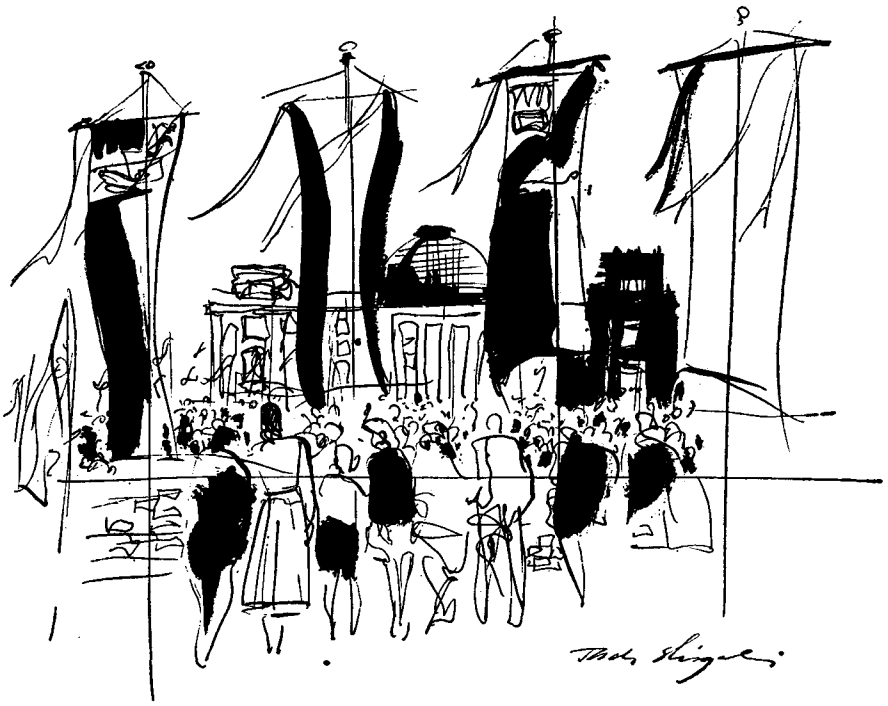
from its enemies and from its over-enthusiastic friends. Above all, he seems to have understood that in the long run the community of interest and purpose among the western Allies is more important than the machinery they have developed to express it: the North Atlantic Council, the International Staff, SHAPE, and other bodies.

Gruenther is a safety valve for European grievances against American leadership. The mere fact that there is a high-ranking American in Europe to whom Europeans can let off steam without seeming to enter an official protest helps materially to reduce European resistance to American leadership. His role, however, is not always passive. It is believed here that he has proved an effective advocate in the United States for the French thesis—held with increasing intensity—that if France and the United States are military allies in Europe they should also be allies in North Africa and in Indo-China. There is even a tendency in NATO circles here to think that the Supreme Commander may have helped speed up the evolution of our China policy by getting across to President Eisenhower the intensity of European feelings about the possibility of getting dragged into war over Quemoy and Matsu.

In European eyes, Gruenther is NATO's indispensable man not only because of what he is and what he symbolizes but because they know that he has the ear—and the confidence—of President Eisenhower. At least once a week, it is believed here, Gruenther writes long, chatty "Dear Ike" letters to the President which probably convey far better than any official reports the thoughts and the mood of Europe.

Military Father Confessor

In this context it is important that the General is a keen student of diplomatic as well as military history. The gift of sympathetic understanding that he inherited from his Irish schoolteacher mother, Mary Shea, enables him to play the role of a kind of military father confessor to the general staffs and governments of the NATO powers in Europe. (Significantly, his boyhood ambition was not to be a soldier but a priest in the Catholic Church, to which he belongs.) From his father, the late Christian Gruenther, once the editor of the weekly Platte Center *Signal*, he inherited the small-town newspaperman's keen sense of the other side of the question, which he exploits by meeting and trying to understand the thought processes of European critics of NATO and of American policy, a rare thing in the present conformist mood of American officialdom.



WITHOUT question Gruenther's most decisive asset is the confidence he inspires in his moral and civic integrity. European leaders feel sure that in all circumstances he will keep faith with them, will not try to cut moral or juridical corners, will never step out of his role as servant, not master, of the alliance's civilian authorities. To understand the importance of this, one must realize the deep concern created in NATO by the decision of the Council last December—at Gruenther's recommendation—to authorize basing SHAPE defense plans on U.S. atomic weapons. This decision automatically introduces a kind of caste system in the NATO family that endangers the spirit of co-operation among its members and gives the atomic have-nots (everyone except the U.S. and now Britain) a strong interest in atomic disarmament that could play into the hands of Soviet divisive diplomacy.

The Fine Line

As Montgomery pointed out to the SHAPE correspondents at his press conference, the time factor will be all-important. The survival of the West will depend largely on the speed with which it can hit back—but it must never hit first. Where to draw the fine line between too late and too soon is only one of the agonizing questions raised by the Council's decision on atomic weapons.

Some NATO leaders believe that it may have opened up a Pandora's box that will eventually disintegrate the coalition. This is a minority view, but even the optimists admit that, however much the American atomic shells and bombs now available to defend Europe have strengthened it on the military side, they have added a dangerous new strain—just as the admission of Germany has done—on the political side. As long as Gruenther remains at SHAPE, most observers feel that these stresses—and others—are not likely to reach the breaking point. What will happen when the SACEUR finally returns to Washington is hard to predict right now. It will depend in part on how well Washington has understood the lessons of his success in Europe, and whether the U.S. government as a whole is able to offer more of the same kind of leadership within the alliance.

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Let's Talk About Immigration

EDWARD CORSI

THE CRUCIAL ISSUE of immigration is an old one—about as old as our Republic. The Alien and Sedition Acts, the first manifestation of intolerance and discrimination against immigrants and prospective immigrants, were passed during the Administration of our second President, John Adams, and quickly repealed when Thomas Jefferson took office. What happened later on—the agitations against Irish and Germans, the systematic sowing of fears about "Popish idolatries" and "Jesuit intrigues" in the 1840's and 1850's, the formidable growth of the "Know-Nothing" party before the Civil War—all this is in elementary history textbooks. Unfortunately our present immigration laws serve to remind us that racial and religious bigotry are not just a matter of past history.

In more recent times the flaming crosses of the Ku Klux Klan, revived in 1915, could be considered nothing more than a colorful if brutal item of Americana.

Now we are living in a glass house. Our foreign policy does not express itself exclusively through the declarations of our diplomats and traveling statesmen abroad. Our immigration laws as administered by our consular officials are an essential part of our diplomacy; their impact is felt not just in chancelleries but by the harassed, fearful people whom I saw during my many trips patiently standing in long lines at the doors of American consulates.

It is important to realize, I believe, that whatever our immigration laws may be, good or bad, they are worked out abroad not at the ambassadorial but at the consular level. What the godlike powers of an American consul, whose decisions are beyond appeal, have become these days, I feel incapable of describing. The many-sided artistry of Gian Carlo Menotti has done the job. Some of Menotti's doleful tunes were haunting me while I was visiting American consular establishments. It struck me, however, that there is something new since Menotti composed *The Consul:* The American consul today is a frightened little god who exhausts his energies scrutinizing other people with the same distrustful uneasiness with which he himself is scrutinized by his superior officers back home.

Help Wanted

The laws the harassed American consul has to apply to the men, women, and children who crowd his office seem primarily designed to keep people away from our shores—whether they are prospective immigrants or merely people who only want visitors' visas. The laws are based on the assumption that some races are inferior to others and that irrespective of race there is evil in the intention and in the character of anyone who for any reason wants to come here. Incidentally, the American public does not know how frequently foreigners who have a good chance of being admitted say "Thank you, no," and walk out of the consulate rather than submit to the endless questioning, fingerprinting, and scrutiny of their pasts that they consider a revolting invasion of their privacy.

The harmful effects of the present immigration law, the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952, which was passed by Congress over President Truman's veto, appear at once when we look at it from the viewpoint of self-interest and see what this law has done to the economy of our country.

Ever since the 1920's our immigration laws have deprived us of the manpower and the skills that our expanding economy require by cutting off immigration from the very countries that can provide these skills. Except during brief periods of recession, our economy has always called for more manpower. This demand used to be met through natural population growth, internal migration of labor—and immigration.

This labor demand is now being met by draining manpower from the farms, by immigration from non-quota countries in the Western Hemisphere, and by importing temporary labor from neighboring lands, much of it smuggled in from Mexico. Like the demand for liquor during the prohibition years, the demand for labor has been satisfied by makeshift and frequently illegal means.

THERE IS at the present time a shortage of manpower in agriculture. Finding local labor to harvest the crops is becoming more and more difficult—sometimes so difficult that fields are left uncultivated.

It is true that as of last January we had 3,347,000 unemployed in the United States. In New York State alone there are now upwards of 266,000 people getting unemployment insurance from the state treasury. Even so, many thousands of extremely important jobs are going begging. Ours is a free society and we cannot force our unemployed to take jobs for which they have no training and no liking.

There are serious shortages of skilled tailors, dressmakers, mechanics, precision workers, watchmakers, cooks, bakers, farmers, domestics, and in other classifications in which many jobs have traditionally been filled by immigrants. David Dubinsky, the head of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and one of the most constructive labor leaders in America, told me recently that if the shortage of skilled workers in the garment industry continues, in ten years it will be hard to find tailors in the United States who can produce a custom-made or fit a ready-made suit. Clothing manufacturers in Rochester are not only having difficulty recruiting trained workers but cannot even find apprentices to train despite the in-

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dustry's high wages and excellent working conditions.

Restaurants all over America cannot find competent cooks to keep pace with America's growing tendency to eat out rather than at home. The shortage is so acute that the average small restaurant is now relying not on experienced cooks but on ordinary kitchen help improvising at the stove.

These shortages lead to disproportionately high labor costs and to demands for high tariffs to protect goods that cannot be produced competitively here for lack of the necessary skilled labor.

While the McCarran-Walter Act extends preference to workers with high technical training, the numerical limitations of the quota system tend to defeat that purpose.

In this connection, it is important to notice that the traditional antagonism to immigration by organized labor has substantially been abandoned. Needless to say, enlightened and responsible labor leaders like George Meany and Walter Reuther—like every person who has sensibly approached the problem of immigration in our day—are not in favor of a return to the uncontrolled immigration of the early 1900's. But they recognize that a greater flow of immigration – selective and controlled—is needed in order to meet the demands of our expanding economy. Many labor leaders feel that this economy of ours could profitably absorb a quarter of a million immigrants a year—approximately the same number that is proposed in the Lehman-Celler bill now before Congress.

No Scientists Need Apply

The present law—the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952—fixes a specific annual quota for each of eighty-five countries, the total being 154,657. Any nation's quota is equal to one-sixth of one per cent of the number of persons in our 1920 population who were of that origin. Minimum quotas of one hundred are given to a number of Asian countries that were previously excluded entirely. The quotas allotted each country within this total are neither interchangeable nor cumulative, which means that unless all quotas are

filled each year—and this never happens—the unused allotments are forfeited. The United Kingdom, Eire, and Germany are given about 109,000 visas; the remaining 45,000 have to be divided among all the nations of the world. Overpopulated Italy has a quota of 5,645, while the United Kingdom, whose people can emigrate to places within the Commonwealth like Canada and Australia but who are under no great pressure to leave home anyway, has the largest of all quotas—65,361. It is never filled.

Because of the mortgaging of the Greek quota under the Displaced Persons Act of 1948, which allows countries to mortgage up to fifty per cent of their annual quota for an indefinite period, only 154 Greeks can come here each year until 2013. Latvia's quota of 235 is reduced by half for the next 320 years.

The Act provides for non-quota migration from independent countries in the Western Hemisphere. Also, spouses and unmarried children of U.S. citizens are admitted without restriction. And so are qualified ministers. But professors and scientists, who were admitted outside their countries' quotas under the old Act of 1924, can be admitted under the Act of 1952 only within them.

For example, if someone like the late Enrico Fermi, the refugee Italian scientist who played a major role in the development of the atomic bomb, or the Hungarian Leo Szilard wanted to come to this country for permanent residence today, he would have to do the following: Obtain a clearance from the United States Employment Service, get written statements from some labor organization, submit affidavits from persons having special knowledge of him, assemble clippings of American advertisements calling for the services he claims to be able to render, and produce certified copies of diplomas, school certificates, and similar documents. He would then be placed on a waiting list. Any scientist born in a country to which we have allotted the generous quota of one hundred would have practically no chance at all.

Do the supporters of the McCarran Act think that ours is the only country where refugee scientists and scholars can perform their tasks?

The Race Myth

The reasons for discrimination against certain nations and races and in favor of others were stated quite forcefully by the late Senator McCarran himself in the Senate debate on his immigration bill on May 16, 1952:

". . . the cold, hard truth is that in the United States today there are hard-core, indigestible blocs who have not become integrated into the American way of life, but who, on the contrary, are its deadly enemy." Senator McCarran did not specify from which foreign nations the "hard-core, indigestible blocs . . . deadly enemy" were coming, but by simply looking at the chart on page 24 we can guess which ones he had in mind.

Many other statements made by our elected representatives during the debate illustrate the climate of opinion which has produced our immigration laws since the early 1920's and still blocks all efforts to liberalize the immigration policy of the United States—an attitude of wholesale mistrust and fear of certain races.

Our lawmakers still lean heavily, whether they know it or not, on the pseudo-scientific theories and baseless fears that went into the writing of

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the restrictive Acts of 1921 and 1924. These theories first found their expression in the anthropological vagaries and racist myths of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, and other "scientists."

According to these writers, some races are hopelessly wayward; the superior races are the blond Nordics, mainly Anglo-Saxons and Teutons; eastern and southern Europeans, along with Asians, Africans, and the rest of the colored peoples, are to be ruled by their Nordic betters if they know what's good for them.

THESE now completely discredited theories are still codified in our immigration laws, which provide that preference be extended to the Germans, the English, and the Celts, whose culture is seen as identical with ours and who are therefore assimilable. The rest of humanity in the quota areas is kept out either by token quotas of one hundred a year—the McCarran-Walter allotment to China, India, the African countries, and other nonwhite areas—or by ridiculously low quotas, as in the case of the Italians, the Greeks, the Poles, and other Europeans.

It is interesting to look back on the writings of these American racists. In *The Passing of the Great Race* (1916), the late Madison Grant of the American Museum of Natural History wrote: "These new immigrants were no longer exclusively members of the Nordic race as were the earlier ones . . . The new immigration . . . contained a large and increasing number of the weak, the broken, and the mentally crippled of all races drawn from the lowest stratum of the Mediterranean basin and the Balkans, together with hordes of the wretched, submerged populations of the Polish ghettos. . . . the whole tone of American life, social, moral, and political has been lowered and vulgarized by them."

He later wrote: "Much of the immigration during the last century has been identical with the old British stock in all respects. The English and the Scotch who have come over here, as well as the Scandinavians and most of the Germans, and perhaps some other elements, are to be regarded as reinforcements of the older stock."

U.S. IMMIGRATION QUOTAS

Area	Quota
Afghanistan	100
Albania	100
Andorra	100
Arab Peninsula	100
Asia-Pacific triangle	100
Australia	100
Austria	1,405
Belgium	1,297
Bhutan	100
Bulgaria	100
Burma	100
Cambodia	100
Cameroons	100
Cameroun	100
Ceylon	100
China (and other Chinese)	205
Czechoslovakia	2,859
Danzig	100
Denmark	1,175
Eire	17,756
Egypt	100
Estonia	115
Ethiopia	100
Finland	566
France	3,069
Germany	25,814
Greece	308
Hungary	865
Iceland	100
India	100
Indonesia	100
Iran (Persia)	100
[illegible]	100
Israel	100
Italy	5,645
Japan	185
Jordan	100
Korea	100
Laos	100
Latvia	235
Lebanon	100
Liberia	100
Libya	100
Liechtenstein	100
Lithuania	384
Luxembourg	100
Monaco	100
Morocco	100
Muscat	100
Nauru	100
Nepal	100
Netherlands	3,136
New Guinea	100
New Zealand	100
Norway	2,364
Pacific Islands	100
Pakistan	100
Palestine	100
Philippines	100
Poland	6,488
Portugal	438
Romania	289
Ruanda-Urundi	100
Samoa	100
San Marino	100
Saudi Arabia	[illegible]
Somaliland	100
Southwest Africa	100
Spain	250
Sweden	3,295
Switzerland	1,698
Syria	100
Tanganyika	100
Thailand	100
Togo	100
Togoland	100
Trieste	100
Turkey	225
U. of S. Africa	100
U.S.S.R.	2,697
United Kingdom	65,361
Vietnam	100
Yemen	100
Yugoslavia	933
Total	154,657

In a spirit of lyric exaltation after the Act of 1924 became law, Lothrop Stoddard of Harvard in his book *Re-Forging America* (1927) wrote:

". . . not since the nation's youthful days before 1850 have America's prospects been so bright as they are right now. We have already seen that the Immigration Restriction Act of 1924 marks the second great turning-point in our national life."

AFTER having quoted the pseudo-scientific rantings of a generation past, it is a relief to be able to report that among a group of internationally respected anthropologists who were consulted in the preparation of a UNESCO pamphlet in 1952, "There was no delay or hesitation or lack of unanimity in reaching the primary conclusion that there were no scientific grounds whatever for the racialist position regarding purity of race and the hierarchy of inferior and superior races to which this leads."

As to what goes into the racial composition of an American, Sinclair Lewis gave the classic definition in describing Martin Arrowsmith, the hero of one of his best novels:

"Martin was, like most inhabitants of Elk Mills before the Slavo-Italian immigration, a Typical Pure-bred Anglo-Saxon American, which means that he was a union of German, French, Scotch, Irish, perhaps a little Spanish, conceivably a little of the strains lumped together as 'Jewish,' and a great deal of English, which is itself a combination of Primitive Briton, Celt, Phoenician, Roman, German, Dane, and Swede."

Embarrassing Questions

Although neither reason nor science can furnish any support for the racialist, discriminatory laws of the 1920's, it is not hard to understand how at that particular time the nation turned toward a mythical past and away from Europe. In the revulsion that followed the First World War, any idea that our country had a responsibility of leadership was often rudely or cynically laughed off. What use was there, people asked, in getting further involved with an ungrateful, messy world?

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It was much better to keep our country isolated and isolationist. The best way to guarantee our freedom in a world tumbling into slavery and chaos was to exert a very strict control over the new blood and the old culture flowing in from Europe.

We cannot go back to that era of wonderful nonsense. Now we are the center of a broad alliance, and our national survival largely depends on the vigor of that alliance. We are frequently and deeply concerned, and rightly so, with elections in nations which our immigration laws still consider inferior and from which we admit only a trickle of immigrants.

When, in 1948, people of Italian descent in the United States embarked on the famous letters-to-Italy campaign urging the defeat of Communism in the Italian elections, the writers laid great stress on the blessings democracy had bestowed upon them in America. The Italian Communists then staged an effective counter campaign of letters to America: What about letting us, people of your own blood, share with you the abundance of American life? they asked. Will your government let us come?

DURING the hearings before the President's Commission on Immigration and Nationalization in 1952, an American business leader, soldier, and statesman, William H. Draper, summed up the principles that should have guided our lawmakers:

"What I am proposing concretely is that we take another close look at our immigration policy and adjust it to the conditions of the world of today and tomorrow and to our place and role in that world. This does not mean that we should remove all barriers and throw our gates open to all and sundry, without control and limits. But it does mean that our policy as expressed in legislation on the statute books should be responsive to our needs and capabilities. We are capable of admitting, absorbing, and assimilating more newcomers than is permitted under present legislation. We need not tie our hands to national-origin quotas based on legislation enacted over a quarter of a century ago in circumstances which no longer exist and which discriminates undeservedly against some of our own partners in NATO. In endeavoring to strengthen the economic and military defense of the free world, and particularly of the North Atlantic community, we should recognize immigration policy as one of the elements in achieving economic and political stability as well as social equilibrium."

Yet it was not the wisdom typified by General Draper's opinion that prevailed but that of a small, powerful group of politicians, committee chairmen, and "experts," people whose discredited theories are carbon copies of Grant and Stoddard. We find even so reasonable a man as Senator Walter F. George of

Georgia, now chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, saying in May, 1952, on the floor of the Senate, that he had helped frame the 1924 immigration law and "I hope the time has not come when one must apologize for being a hateful Anglo-Saxon. I hope the time has not come when one must apologize for being an American."

With due respect for the senior Senator from Georgia, I must say that for its own good our nation must live by the ideals it has professed from the day the Declaration of Independence affirmed that all men—and not just the Anglo-Saxons—are created equal. Certainly of all American ideals none is more genuinely ours or more eloquently proclaimed by our present leaders. Yet it is exactly this American belief in the primacy of the individual as against his membership in any group that our immigration laws now flout. In the 1920's this was a mistake; in the 1950's it may lead to tragedy.

What Must Be Done

The first step on the road to sanity is to acknowledge that there can be no return to unregulated, unrestricted immigration. Those who still claim that this is the aim of the opponents of our present immigration laws lie, and they know it. The time when immigrants could come when they themselves decided to seek a new life in America and when each year the total number of arrivals was left to chance—that time is gone forever. It is gone not only because of our immigration laws but also because in every civilized country there are trade unions and in varying degrees all governments feel responsible for the welfare of their citizens. Every government now exerts control over the outflow as well as the inflow of migrants. Our government, because of its position of leadership, must establish its own standards.

Moreover, the problem of displaced persons—there are still distressingly large numbers of them—as well as that of overpopulated countries, cannot be solved by anyone nation alone, even with the most humanitarian intentions. These problems must be the object of international negotiations, with each nation that is in condition to help or in need of help doing its share. There are already several international agencies at work on these problems. The most important of them is the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, made up of twenty-six nations. Incidentally, the two American representatives at the recent Geneva meeting of this committee were, of all people, Congressman Walter and Mr. McLeod.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has stated forcefully on any number of occasions that our immigration policy must be revised. I myself was particularly impressed by his speech at the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Founda-

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tion dinner on October 16, 1952, when he said:

". . . we must strike from our own statute books any legislation concerning immigration that implies the blasphemy against democracy that only certain groups of Europeans are welcome on American shores." This was not just campaign oratory. I believe it came straight from the President's heart. Recently when asked at a press conference whether he was satisfied with the way the Refugee Relief Act was administered, the President answered squarely, No.

The President alone has the power to move from that "No" to positive actions. In my opinion, he should appoint a bipartisan commission, with representatives from both houses and experts of his own choosing, to study the problem thoroughly and propose basic changes in our immigration laws. It may be said that there have been too many such committees, but they have been precommitted and partisan; this one should draw particular authority from the quality of its membership and the President's unflagging support.

Insulting Entire Continents

Above all, the commission should make the relevant facts known to the public—the facts about the number of immigrants we can put to work and the contribution our country can make in bringing relief to those in dire need of resettlement. There is desperate need that these facts be made known, for the old myths still poison the air. Among the myths, there is that of our people's antagonism to new immigrants. But do the American people really want to shut the door on the rest of the world? Are they really willing to perpetuate this insult to entire continents, Asia and Africa, whose importance in the modern world grows day by day?

Whatever the final solution may be—and there must be a number of acceptable solutions—public discussion is what we need most. For we cannot afford an immigration policy that is inconsistent with both our own economic needs and our position of leadership in the world. There is no reason for us to be afraid of a free and open discussion about immigrants—the very stuff of which this country is made.

How Philadelphia Stopped a Race Riot

HANNAH LEES

WITH BAD HANDLING or with no handling at all, the trouble that started at the corner of Judson and Cambria in Philadelphia last August 19 might easily have added that city to the list of those which have been the scene of major race riots.

A young Negro car washer named Wiley Clark had borrowed three hundred dollars from a loan company and made a token payment on a corner house in an Irish-Italian section. Clark and his wife simply wanted a real house with a yard where their four children could play; they were tired of living, all six of

them, in a room and a half in a crowded Negro neighborhood. Clark was making about $40 a week. His wife made another $25 doing housework. A relative took care of the children during the day.

MOST real-estate men have unwritten agreements that they will not sell houses in white neighborhoods to Negroes. They simply say, and most of them believe, that the practice lowers property values, though there is a good deal of evidence that this is not true. This house, however, had been bought in at a sheriff's sale—with a down payment of $1,100 and a $3,700 mortgage—by another Negro named Williams who makes his living picking up houses at forced sale and reselling them fast at a small profit, a haphazard but perfectly legal way of doing business.

The house had been a small gift shop. During the eight months it stood vacant, neighborhood gangs had smashed in the store front and ripped out most of the plumbing. There was hardly a housing ordinance it didn't violate, but Clark bought it with a promise to put it in livable condition before moving in. The terms, lease-purchase, were $200 down and $50 a month until a $1,500 down payment had been made, after which, if he managed to keep up the payments, he would get a deed and mortgage. It was a bad buy and Clark was in no position to make the renovations, but he went ahead.

The first the neighbors knew of all this was when they saw Clark working around the house evenings and weekends. When they asked what was happening, he got scared and said he was getting it ready for the owner. The neighborhood, in North Philadelphia, is lower middle-class economically, but most of the families own their own homes. Most of the men work at skilled trades and most of the women stay home and take care of their houses. Many of them grew up in the neighborhood. They watched Clark night after night clumsily filling in the store front with cinder block. They saw he sometimes had a bottle of whiskey with his bag of lunch. They eyed the growing pile of rubbish in the back yard. The nearest Negroes at that time lived four or five blocks away, and the whites didn't want them any nearer. Especially, they decided, not Clark.

The Clarks Move In

Late on the night of August 18, Wiley and Bertha Clark moved in to live, having left the children with a relative—later they were sent to Clark's mother in Virginia—so they could be free to work on the house.

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Almost their only furniture was a bed and a large television set Clark had bought on time. When the community woke up the next day to find they did in fact have the Clarks for neighbors the whites started a riot. As matters turned out, this may have been the best thing that ever happened to Wiley Clark.

The Clarks had gone off to work early and uneventfully that Thursday morning, but by the time Wiley Clark got home he found some windows broken and a crowd of boys milling around and looking for trouble. He tried to find out who had done the damage. Somebody laid hands on somebody. A bigger, angrier crowd began to gather and Clark went for the police. But the first station house he went to was out of his district, so they sent him on to another. It was a couple of hours before he could get anyone to take him seriously enough to phone headquarters that a disturbance was under way at Judson and Cambria. Meanwhile Bertha Clark had returned from work but was afraid to go into the house alone when she saw the crowd. She is a big, quiet woman, handsome but dark, slow, and primitive-looking. When the police arrived they found her standing on the sidewalk waiting for her husband with the mob shouting at her. Officer Max Weiss, a police expert in interracial relations, persuaded her and Clark, who came back about then, to go into the house and stay there. The police would get the mob under control, he told them, and the Commission on Human Relations would be along any moment to straighten verything out.

PHILADELPHIA, contemplating its fast-growing Negro population—one Philadelphian in five now is a Negro—had written into its new city charter in 1951 a department called the Commission on Human Relations with a staff trained to handle interracial tensions and paid from the city budget just like the police and health departments. Most big cities today have something of the sort, but the Philadelphia Commission has the widest powers and the biggest budget of any in the country. A good many Philadelphians grumble about the Commission's budget of some $120,000 to $150,000 a year. They don't realize the value they are receiving for their tax dollars because it is the job of the Commission on Human Relations to prevent situations that make exciting reading. At Judson and Cambria it got in too late to prevent the situation but not too late to handle it.

George Schermer, executive director of the Commission, got word of the trouble from police headquarters about ten-thirty. Schermer, a relaxed but completely uncompromising man who got his training in Detroit, where things are considerably tougher interracially than in Philadelphia, lives in Germantown in a racially mixed upper-income neighborhood with his wife and four children. By eleven o'clock Schermer and community-relations expert Mike Jefferson, one of whose assets to the Commission is that he is a Negro, were inside the house with the Clarks. Mrs. Anna McGarry, top trouble shooter for the Commission, and John McDermott, both Catholics, were mingling with the predominantly Catholic crowd outside. By three in the morning, when the police had got most of them to go home for the rest of the night, the experts added up what they knew and began to make plans.

The mob seriously believed that Clark had been planted by Father Divine or by the Communists to open up their neighborhood to Negroes. They didn't want that and they weren't going to have Clark. He was just no good: Look at all the trash, the sloppy way he dressed, the whiskey, and the way he had lied about having bought the house. Besides, he was breaking the law living in a house with no plumbing. And nobody had started anything until Clark got rough with some of the boys. This was the story from outside.

Clark's story was that he had bought the house in good faith and worked like a dog to fix it up; the local boys had thrown his stuff around and broken windows from the start, but he had tried to manage without calling the cops. Even when the mob turned up he hadn't done a thing but try to find out who had broken his windows. Sure he had been afraid to say he was going to live there, they had been so unfriendly. Sure he had had a drink while he was working. Why not? And they made him nervous. He didn't know about the housing ordinances and Williams had said he was getting him a building permit. He had been planning to clean up the yard. But now all he wanted was out.

The Commission Goes to Work

This would have been an easy solution, since the neighborhood didn't want Clark and Clark no longer wanted to stay. But it would have given a green light to every potential rioter in town. As Schermer later told some of the leaders of the Judson-Cambria neighborhood, if they felt Clark was a bad neighbor they could have gotten him out by peaceful means because he was violating the law, or if they had left him alone he would almost certainly have defaulted on his payments in a few months and moved away. But the minute they rioted they forced the Commission to find some way to help the Clarks stay where they

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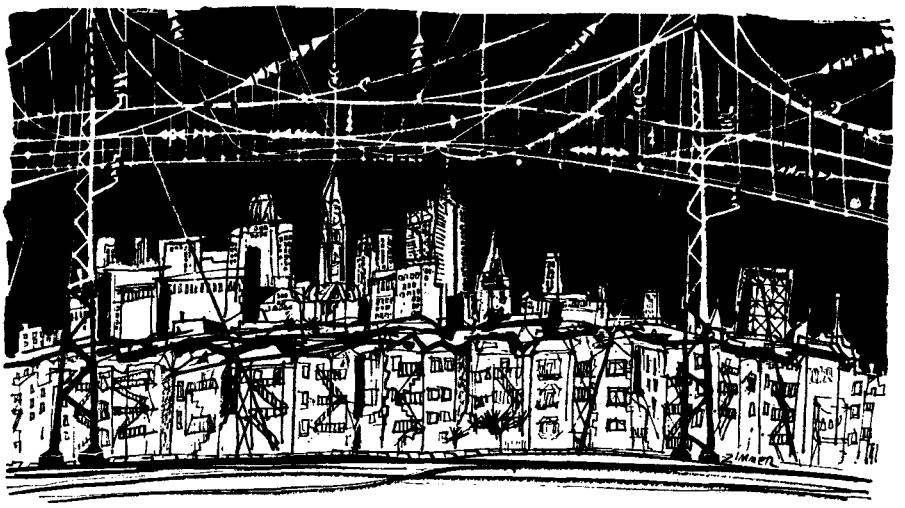
were and make the neighbors accept his right to stay there. No city today could afford to let a race riot succeed.

It wasn't a job a mere dozen or so trained staff workers could cope with. It was going to take citizen action, and marshaling citizen action is the Commission's specialty. For the next three days, some hundred plainclothes, traffic, and motorcycle cops patrolled the area, keeping an angry mob that at times numbered as many as five or six hundred from doing any damage to the house or from attacking any Negroes who came by, and also stifling any attempts at retaliation. Meanwhile, Schermer and his staff worked in three different directions at once. They answered angry phone calls from leading Negro citizens with an invitation to come and discuss the problem and invited a good many who didn't phone. They got to work on an open letter that would tell exactly how and why Clark had bought the house and help counteract the wild rumors flying around. Mrs. McGarry and McDermott and some of the other workers wandered in and out of churches and clubs and saloons near the trouble spot picking up the names of local men who carried weight whom they could also invite to a meeting.

On Sunday the local churches distributed four thousand of the open-letter fact sheets on official City of Philadelphia letterheads.

On Monday, by special invitation, a group of angry leading Negro citizens—ministers, doctors, architects, editors—met in the Commission quarters. One of the nine unpaid Commissioners of Human Relations (the equivalent of board members), a woman lawyer who is herself a Negro, chaired the meeting. Schermer let their anger boil around him. He felt it was partly justified, since with better pipelines he could have known Williams was selling the house to Clark and started working soon enough to prevent trouble. Then he told them all he knew, the bad with the good. Clark might not be a very desirable symbol of interracial living, but a symbol by now he definitely was. It would be rough on interracial relations if he were driven away. But to stay he needed



help and a lot of it—help the Commission had no power to give. At the end of the meeting a grimly determined delegation from the meeting went to call on Wiley Clark. Then, under police protection, they went to the corner of Judson and Cambria to look the house over and see what really had to be done to put it in habitable condition.

Two days later twenty-three Irish and Italian homeowners from around the corner of Judson and Cambria met at Commission quarters. This meeting was chaired by another of the nine unpaid Commissioners, an Irish Catholic lawyer. It was an even angrier meeting than the one with the Negro delegation. In spite of the fact sheet, they were still sure it was all a plot. They resisted both fact and logic. But after a couple of hours of bitter argument a local real-estate dealer named Di Gregorio, a forceful personality his neighbors are used to listening to, began talking sense. Already a dozen houses near the Clarks had FOR SALE signs. Enterprising realtors reading of the riot had rushed soliciting letters to every homeowner in the neighborhood. If a panic set in and everybody tried to sell they would all lose money. Take it easy, Di Gregorio counseled.

A few days later, under Di Gregorio's leadership, the Judson-Cambria citizens held a mass meeting in a funeral parlor and formed the North Penn Civic Improvement Association. They appointed two men to each block around where the Clarks lived to talk to the neighbors and calm them down. Another purpose may well have been to find a legal way of getting Clark out, but if so they reckoned without Philadelphia's Negro citizens. Already the Citizens Committee for Wiley Clark had been formed with subcommittees to raise money to buy materials and organize crews to work on the house, and a very special select committee to work on Wiley Clark himself and help him become a better interracial ambassador.

On September 14 the Citizens Committee for Wiley Clark and the North Penn Civic Improvement Association met together at the Commission offices. The Citizens for Wiley Clark said they were sorry Clark had not been a better neighbor and they aimed to help him become one. They expressed bitter disapproval of the riot. Di Gregorio and his group in return expressed regret that the riot had happened. They blamed it all on some reckless teen-agers. They said frankly, however, that they still didn't want Clark for a neighbor. The Committee said equally frankly that if they could swing it, Clark was there to stay. No lasting friendships were formed, but there was no violence.

The Tangible Results

In the next two months the Citizens Committee for Wiley Clark, with the aid of Fellowship House—a Philadelphia volunteer center for interracial and interfaith good will—and of two or three dozen other church and citizen groups, raised two thousand dollars in cash, and gave another two thousand dollars worth of work and materials to get Clark's house in a state he could be proud

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of and neighbors could not criticize. Clark temporarily quit his regular job and worked day and night with a series of volunteer crews.

On November 8, the Clarks brought their children up from Virginia and moved back into their completely renovated house. The Citizens Committee had taken over the mortgage from Williams and got him to reduce the price, which had been too high all along. They had helped Clark get a better job at somewhat higher pay. They had taught him some things about budgeting and filled him with a sense of his responsibility to his race and to the community. A gala housewarming was held which the president of the North Penn Civic Improvement Association attended—perhaps more to inspect than to offer friendship, but there he was. The house looked good to him, even though the Clarks still did not. People began taking down their FOR SALE signs and fewer and fewer police were needed in the district.

FROM November to January everyone marked time, watching and waiting. Not a single family sold its house and moved away, Di Gregorio says, but not a single family moved in either. Since January, however, Di Gregorio's office alone has sold twenty-six houses at an average of $7,000, all of them to relatives or friends of the old-time settlers. Values haven't dropped and the community has settled down to its old tranquillity.

The Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations feels happier at its skill in turning a nasty mess into a stable situation than it does about interracial relations at Judson and Cambria. The neighbors only tolerate Clark. They have not really accepted him, and it may be a long time before they do. What is more, any city where one poor family looking for a better house can cause so much ruckus hasn't gone very far in solving its interracial problems. But Wiley Clark and his wife and children are living at peace in the house Clark chose and bought and moved into. The Commission has protected his right to do so and shown all other Philadelphians what they are apt to be up against if they take a notion to start a race riot.

The Southern Textile Tale: Out of Whole Cloth?

DOUGLASS CATER

A NEW political expression, "the bird-cage vote," came out of the recent Congressional debates over extension of the reciprocal-trade program. Representative John H. Ray (R., New York) voted with the restrictionists. Mr. Ray's Fifteenth District includes Staten Island, over whose piers each year moves approximately a billion dollars' worth of exports and imports. But there is also in his district a bird-cage factory that employs about fifty workers. American-made bird cages have been meeting pretty stiff competition from imported bird cages, and the Congressman confessed to a colleague that he had heard from nearly every one of those workers.

HR 1, to extend for three years a reciprocal-trade program considerably diminished in scope and hedged about with qualifications, did manage to get through Congress—but not without a disheartening display of the same bird-cage mentality that prevented Representative Ray from accurately assessing the genuine self-interest of his district. The most distressing symptom was a weakening among the Southern legislators who until now have been in the vanguard of the liberal-trade fight. In the House there were two major efforts to rip open the Act and subject it to the horse trading of special interest groups—the sort of thing that characterized tariff legislation up to 1934, when Secretary of State Cordell Hull initiated the reciprocal-trade program. Congressmen from the nine states of the Solid South were found voting 42-32 and 38-36 in support of these efforts.

In the Senate, a number of Southerners under the leadership of Senator George (D., Georgia) managed to push through in committee certain amendments that provided safeguards against trade concessions to the Japanese. Fortunately this effort to allay the fears of the textile manufacturers was accomplished without throwing open the floodgates of similar concessions to other industrial interests. But the favoritism it represented and, more particularly, the misrepresentations and half-truths of the textile lobby, which for the most part went unchallenged, may well be warnings of an approaching crisis in reciprocal trade.

'I Am Ashamed . . .'

For Southern Members, cotton textiles corresponded to Staten Island bird cages. There is no disputing the fact that the Southerners felt real pressure from their districts. A number claim they are still groggy from the blast that hit them when the reciprocal-trade bill was coming to a vote. Unlike a great many pressure operations, this one had two special characteristics: It was directly from the grass roots, to which a sensitive politician pays special heed; and it developed very quickly. There was no time for a Congressman to make the customary maneuver in the case of highly controversial legislation: get letters to his constituents in advance explaining and justifying his vote. As one Member explained apologetically afterward: "I am ashamed of the way I voted, but, believe me, I couldn't do any different. There was simply no time to set the record straight."

The ironic thing about all this was that it didn't even represent a decent example of the bird-cage mentality. Presumably the manufacturer in Congressman Ray's district could show positive evidence that his factory was being directly hurt by foreign competition, even though its economic importance to the community might be trivial compared to the shipping industry. But the cotton-textile industry, particularly in the South, cannot make such a case. It is true that some factories have had rough going in recent years, but much of the trouble has stemmed from regional shifts. A large part of

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the textile economy has moved from New England to the South. More recently, consumer preference has veered from cotton to various forms of synthetic textiles. There is no getting around the fact that while production is up by a large margin over the prewar years, per capita consumption in the United States has declined.

To a highly competitive industry, this has meant painful readjustments, but it has also meant even greater reliance on the expansion of world trade. Last year, while the American textile industry held more than ninety-nine per cent of the domestic market, it also managed to sell more than six per cent of its production abroad. We exported eight times as much cotton cloth as we imported last year. Two hundred thousand of the more than one million textile workers, it is estimated, are involved to some extent in export trade. In an American economy that seems bent on selling more abroad year in and year out than it buys, the cotton-textile manufacturers—except for a few making such specialties as gingham, velveteen, and damask—have been doing even better than most. Most cotton cloth enjoys tariff protection only one-third below the high rates of 1930.

Outline of Campaign

All this is understandably difficult to explain to a textile worker who is told by his boss that his job is shaky because of cheap foreign goods. Why does the manufacturer take such a shortsighted view? One veteran politician on Capitol Hill who has seen a good many tariff fights offers this somewhat cynical explanation: "The American businessman loves to feel frightened by this kind of thing, and if he can't frighten himself, he'll hire a public-relations man to scare hell out of him."

Certainly it was the public-relations experts who cleverly aroused the fears of the cotton-textile industry about reciprocal trade. Nothing was left to chance or local initiative. Copies of certain strategy papers that fell into the hands of Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee provide a depressing case study of how such a lobby operates.

On December 8, 1954, J. Craig Smith, president of the American Cotton Manufacturers Institute with executive offices in Charlotte, North Carolina, addressed a special communiqué to his fellow cotton manufacturers. He outlined a three-phase campaign on the local and national level to be sparked by the Textile Information Service, identified simply as "the public-relations agency of our industry." Its objective: "to work toward a climax reached in a flood of letters and other communications to members of Congress as the showdown vote on the tariff issue approaches."

Phase 1 involved stirring up the workers. The campaign would begin

by posting on plant bulletin boards an announcement, a draft copy of which was enclosed. This told the workers that plans were under way in Washington "to push through another big round of tariff cuts" and that the government wanted these cuts to apply directly to the benefit of Japan. The average textile wage in Japan was fourteen cents an hour. (No word about the comparable unit cost of production.) Then came the kicker: "Sooner or later, lower tariffs can only mean the closing of this company and the loss of your job . . . At the proper time there will be important things for you to do to help."

Phase 1 also promised other services by the Textile Information Service, identified in abbreviation as *TIS*. There would be more bulletin-board posters, drafts of letters from management to employees, radio and TV scripts, and draft letters to editors. *TIS* also said that "matted editorials" and "news stories" would be sent along to local newspapers.

For Phase 2—agitation on the national level—a schedule of news releases by prominent industry leaders was listed, including such alarming topics as "US, the lowest textile tariff country," "Failure of GATT," "Precarious financial condition of the industry," and "Rising efficiency and technology of foreign mills." In Phase 2 was also listed the item "Elsas Letter to Senator George." This referred to a communication from Norman Elsas, a prominent industry leader in Atlanta, to the ranking member of the Senate Finance Committee. Undoubtedly, someone had not overlooked the fact that George faces a stiff fight for re-election next year from Herman Talmadge.

The Bell Alarm

On December 10, the *TIS*-scheduled series of alarms began with a news release by W. Ray Bell, president of the Association of Cotton Textile Merchants of New York. Mr. Bell announced frighteningly: "The mounting inflow of goods, both cloth and fabricated textiles, would indicate the long-dreaded Japanese invasion of the U.S. market is on in earnest. It could well become an avalanche. . . ." What Mr. Bell failed to say was that even with the "mounting inflow," Japanese cotton-cloth imports for 1954 amounted to less than one-half of one per cent of American production. It is true that in the latter part of 1954, deflationary measures taken by the Japanese government forced certain Japanese textile manufacturers to sell cotton cloth at distress prices in order to finance raw-cotton purchases. The practice, frowned on by the Japanese textile industry itself, has since been stopped.

Mr. Bell is not always so gloomy. He was reported in the *Wall Street Journal* of February 9, 1955, as forecasting for the industry a five to ten per cent rise in output, higher

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earnings, and steadier employment for the first six months of this year, "and probably for the full year."

By December 29, the *TIS* campaign took on even sharper tones. A draft letter was prepared to be sent by manufacturers personally to each employee. It began: "Your jobs are in danger. The future of our company is in danger. The whole textile and clothing industry of the United States is in danger." There was a place in the draft letter for including the names of the employee's representatives in Washington and the injunction: "You have full right to let the people in Washington know how you feel about this, and to tell them that lower tariffs could throw you out of work."

TIS also distributed a draft letter to be sent to community leaders. "Dear Mr. Mayor: . . . The payrolls, business, and purchasing power of this community, as well as tax revenues of federal, state, and local governments, stand to suffer . . ." And to stockholders: "Action by Congress can vitally affect your interest as an investor in our company."

Here was not simply a plea for special consideration for textiles. "No one can estimate the amount of damage in store if the U.S. government continues the trade policy it inherited from the World War II and postwar era," one injunction read. "We can see no chance at all of avoiding injury, however, unless the policy-makers can be aroused to a new outlook and a new approach."

A subsequent memo described how a mill employee in Virginia took *TIS* information handed him by his company president and got his local Veterans of Foreign Wars chapter to go on record against further tariff cuts. "Many of these vets," *TIS* noted, "are engaged in small business operations and they seem to be in a mood to call a halt to America's continuing concessions and sacrifices." *TIS* thoughtfully prepared a draft resolution for adoption by "veterans organizations, service clubs, civic groups, etc."

Mail Wail

Evidently the costs of this high-powered operation were the object of concern to some textile manufacturers, for on January 11, *TIS* sent out a reassuring memo that individual firms would not be charged except for booklets and posters. The expenses would be paid by "voluntary contributions from individual mills." There was nothing in the propaganda, however, to indicate that it did not represent the collective wail of the whole textile industry.

There was no lack of certainty that the textile workers had been convinced by this scare treatment. When president J. Craig Smith of the manufacturers' association testified before the Senate Finance Committee, he reported assuredly: "Senator, we have over 6,000 persons employed by my company, Avondale Mills; 4,000 of those have told us they have written their Congressmen and Senators protesting what they think is about to happen to them." He was not exaggerating. Senator Fulbright (D., Arkansas) announced in the Senate: "I have received more letters during the past month opposing reciprocal trade than I had received in the previous ten years in which I have been a member of the Senate." Other Southern Senators reported that their mail relating to the textile tariff ran heavier over a short period than on any other issue in memory.

In some cases the petitions were obviously phony. Senator Willis Robertson (D., Virginia) received one letter that began: "Dear Senator: Tell him to vote against H.R. 1." Another Senator, after answering a postcard protest from one constituent, got a reply reading, "As a matter of fact, I do not know that I have any opinion at all relative to this matter." A substantial number were content simply to circulate postcards that announced: "American jobs lost due to imports, 5,800,000. Each American job supports three Americans, American jobs won, due to exports, 2,500,000. Job deficit, 3,300,000." (Roughly calculated, this would mean that every $1,760 in imports throws an American workman out of a job, while it takes $5,960 in exports to give him one.)

But the overwhelming number of letters were of the sort that touch elected representatives on a sensitive nerve. Pen- or pencil-written, they expressed deeply personal fears aroused by the half truths on which the writers had been fed. A school librarian reported that many children had quit eating in the school lunchroom recently because of foreign goods. One hundred and eighty workers in a small textile plant in Alabama wrote that "One of the major factors in [our] lowered employment is due to the influx of imported textile fabrics." A Rural Electrification Administration committeeman wrote that friends had asked him to protest, apparently unaware that one-third of the raw cotton production on which his state depends heavily is sold abroad, a quarter of that amount going to Japan. A state senate began its petition with the ostentatious and erroneous: "Whereas, the President of the United States has proposed a 15% reduction in the tariff levied on imported textile goods . . ." This petition, incidentally, called for a system of quotas on textile imports similar to those imposed on immigration.

Members of Congress who understand and endorse the principles of reciprocal trade were sadly reluctant to stand against this flood for their constituents' broader interests. Statistics were available to refute these misplaced fears, particularly in the excellent research done by the Committee for a National Trade Policy headed by Charles P. Taft, brother of the late Senator. And, as Senator Gore argued angrily, "U.S. Senators do have facilities to do research. We can determine which of the tariff lobby's claims are true, which are only half true and which are completely false . . . We do not have to take as gospel only that colored and

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slanted information which the tariff lobby offers."

However, too many Senators seemed to lack the inclination to use this research. Only Senators Gore and Robertson gave factual arguments to refute the textile lobby in the Senate debate. A number contented themselves with more generalized endorsements of the reciprocal-trade ideal. Still others were buffeted about by the tariff lobby in spite of their own deeply felt reciprocal-trade convictions. Senator Olin Johnson (D., South Carolina), for example, voted in favor of a strengthening amendment offered by Senator Paul Douglas (D., Illinois), then turned around and voted against final passage of the bill.

Johnston and a number of others were to some degree victims of a new representation coming to the nation's capital. In this case, it was *TIS*, an outfit that has not registered as a lobby but is simply one of the many jobs performed by the New York public-relations firm of Dudley, Anderson & Yutzy. No one thought to ask by what right this enterprise, paid by "voluntary contributions, from individual mills," claimed to voice the collective will of a vast industry whose interests are by no means monolithic. There was no watchful constituency to protest when it went beyond its mandate and attacked fundamental foreign policies.

IN ONE of its many communiqués, the Textile Information Service argued, "We in our industry are making every possible effort to turn the attention of U.S. policy away from the tariff 'bogeyman' to the real causes of sick world trade—money controls, embargoes and similar barriers to commerce . . ."

This is a noble objective, but so far the textile lobby has shown not the slightest intention of pressing it. Instead, at latest report, the boys are sharpening their knives in hope of emasculating the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, commonly known as G.A.T.T. It so happens that G.A.T.T. is the program by which U.S. policymakers, along with those of thirty-three other nations, are seeking to fight "money controls, embargoes and similar barriers to commerce . . ."

HISTORY CLASS: THE RETARDED STUDENTS

BY ERIC SEVAREID

CHINA'S Defense Minister spoke the other day at the Warsaw meeting of the Communist military leaders; the current interest lies in his pledge that Red China will fight alongside Russia if war should erupt in Europe. But he went on to accuse what he called American monopoly capitalists of trying to drive the world into war, using the old, old Marxist argument that capitalism must expand and dominate for reasons of profit. For some time it has been hard to think that the hardheaded rulers of Soviet Russia still believe the tenets of Marxist fundamentalism; it is quite possible that the rulers of the raw, young China do so believe and it is important to find that out for sure.

IF THEY DO, they will change one day; cynicism is bound to set in among them as it did in Moscow long ago, and they will be trotting out the fundamentalism only for mass-exhortation purposes as the Russians do. But to rational men it remains extraordinary that the old Marxist doctrine still serves even for propaganda purposes. Its hold is fantastic, in view of a whole century's undeniable lessons, both as to the causes of war and the real nature of internal social progress. It seems baffling to free men accustomed to the free flow of facts that millions do not understand that free capitalism has no need of aggressive expansion, that the great wars were brought on by pseudo-capitalist fascist régimes that resembled Communism far more than democracy and by peoples not rooted in the civil democracy the Marxists profess to despise.

It seems baffiing that they will not face the truth, after a century's experience, that virtually the whole Marxist analysis of the future has proved false prophecy. It did not come true, as Marx predicted, that under capitalism the misery of the workers would increase; it has vastly decreased. It did not come true that under capitalism inequalities in wealth would spread [the classes] further and further apart; in every modern western society they have come closer and closer together. It did not happen, as Marx predicted, that the middle class would be squeezed into dissolution; instead, it has immensely expanded in numbers and power until it is the dominant class, both politically and culturally, of modern western nations.

What of Marx's ten-point program that was to come about only through proletarian revolution? Nearly all of it—the progessive income tax, abolition of inheritance rights (through the tax weapon), free education for all children in public schools, and so on—nearly all of it has come about, and it has come about by peaceable, democratic means, along with the whole accompanying apparatus of pensions, medical and unemployment insurance, public housing, and all the rest. And this immense structure of progress and security has been built and enforced without the sacrifice of the individual's personal freedom, which the Communist states have never been able to accomplish and which the Communist leaders have long since abandoned any wish to accomplish.

EVEN MARX, in his last years, admitted the possibility that these advances might be accomplished in some countries by peaceable, nonrevolutionary means. For obvious reasons of their own, the nationalist Communist leaders forget this. But why do the run-of-the-mill Communists close their minds to the plain, demonstrable lessons of history? The Indian philosopher Devaraja puts it this way: They are not interested in the substance of social progress, but in its form, not in progress achieved but in its making. Orthodox Communists persuade themselves they want the ends, that the means are secondary. The reverse is the truth. They live for the means alone.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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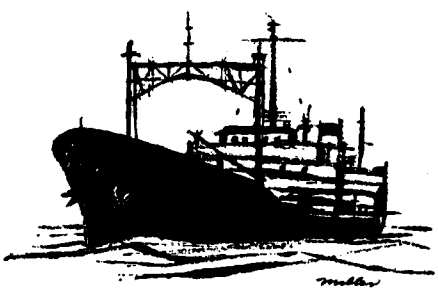
The Mystery Man Of the Tanker Fleet

CURTIS CATE

ONE EVENING last July, just as dusk was falling, a large white yacht nosed into the tiny harbor of Monte Carlo and tied up at the dock. This was no ordinary vessel. Once a Canadian frigate, she had steam-turbine engines capable of driving her at a brisk twenty knots. Beneath the bridge was a spacious office equipped with a telephone system able to communicate with any city or ship within five thousand miles. Each of her twelve luxurious cabins had a private bath. Her comfortable book-lined smoking room had a wall covered with lapis lazuli. On the after deck was an inlaid floor of bright red, blue, and yellow mosaics depicting a Minoan bullfighting scene. This could serve in the evenings as a dance floor or else be lowered during the day by hidden motors to form the bottom of an outdoor swimming pool. From her great yellow funnel to the one-star flag of Liberia drooping over her stern, everything about the 1,600-ton *Christina* was as fabulous and unique as her proprietor, Aristotle Socrates Onassis, the multi-millionaire owner of the world's largest private fleet of tankers and merchantmen.

As Onassis stepped ashore that evening he could feel that at last, after several particularly strenuous and momentous months, he had returned home. Two weeks earlier he had been in Kiel to take his yacht on her maiden voyage. Three weeks before that he had transferred the headquarters of his Société Olympique Maritime from its crowded offices on the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris to the more spacious quarters of the newly repainted and refurbished Sporting Club d'Hiver overlooking the harbor of Monte Carlo. One week prior to that he had been in Hamburg to witness the launching of the most colossal of all existing oil tankers, the 46,800-ton-capacity *Al-Malik Saud Al-Awal*, or *King Saud I*, named for Arabia's present monarch.



Not long before that, Onassis had been in New York arguing with lawyers and judges about an accusation brought against him and others by the U.S. government of having tried to defraud it of some $20 million through the illegal purchase of surplus American ships. And as though that were not enough, the world was just beginning to wake up to the fact that the enterprising Greek shipping magnate had signed an agreement at the beginning of the year with the Saudi Arabian government that might one day give him the larger share of the transport of forty million tons of oil a year.

Onassis's activities and engagements on various fronts seem, if anything, to have grown in recent months. His right flank has been engaged by the Peruvian government, which recently seized and impounded five of his whaling ships on the ground that they had violated the two-hundred-mile fishing zone off its coast which it regards as its private preserve; and his left has unexpectedly been attacked by a fellow Greek entrepreneur named Spyridon Catapodis, who has filed suit against him in Paris for allegedly having drawn up a fake contract in disappearing ink that did him out of about $570,000.

Tobacco and Tragedy

Aristotle Socrates Onassis was born in 1906 at Smyrna, then Turkey's most thriving port. His father, a tobacco merchant, was an important businessman in the city. It was a family calamity that first projected the young Onassis on his spectacular career. The tragedy happened in 1922 during the Greco-Turkish war, when Smyrna was captured and a large part of the city was burned by the attacking Turkish soldiers. In the course of the sack the two-thirds of the city's inhabitants who were Greeks were either killed or forced to flee.

Wide World

Aristotle Socrates Onassis

On rejoining the remnants of his persecuted family on the Greek mainland, Onassis's father found that he was the sole surviving male adult. In addition to his wife and his four children, he now had to take care of his four brothers' widows and their seven children—a total of sixteen people. Unable to do it on the now drastically reduced profits of his partly salvaged tobacco business, he called a family council. It was decided that the family's hopes should be pinned on the most vigorous and promising of the younger generation —sixteen-year-old Aristotle Socrates. Money was scraped together to buy him a steamer passage to South America, and with $100 in his pocket he sailed for Buenos Aires to try his luck in the New World.

Horatio Socrates Alger

When young Onassis arrived in Buenos Aires, he had $60 left. It was enough to allow him to take a small room in a cheap boarding-house and to start an intensive training course in switchboard operation in a language with which he was unfamiliar. After three weeks he became a regular night switchboard operator for the United River Plate

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Telephone Company. Allowing himself just three hours of sleep a day, he used the remaining daylight hours to set himself up in the tobacco business, with which he was already well acquainted.

At that time only about ten per cent of all Argentine cigarettes were made with Greek, Bulgarian, and Turkish tobacco, the rest being either American or Cuban. Onassis promptly got to work to change this ratio. Operating out of his boarding-house bedroom as a self-established importer of Oriental tobacco, and with the help of his father in Greece, he managed in just two years to work up the proportion of eastern tobacco used in Argentine cigarettes to thirty-five per cent. At the end of that time he had given up his job as a telephone operator and was worth about $100,000, well on his way to his first million.

By 1928 he was already so well known that the Greek government thought it natural to commission him to negotiate a trade deal with Argentina. He carried it off, and was rewarded by being appointed Greek Consul General in Buenos Aires at the age of twenty-two.

Into the Shipping Trade

By the time that the world depression of 1930 had set in, Onassis was rich enough to be able to cast around for other worlds to conquer. Irresistibly he was attracted by shipping. Characteristically, Onassis waited for the propitious moment before the launching. It came in 1931, when banks were collapsing and panic-stricken citizens all over the world were anxiously stuffing banknotes under their mattresses. A Canadian steamship company in Montreal put up a fleet of ocean-going cargo vessels for sale. Onassis promptly moved in and bought up six of them for a mere $120,000—or about one per cent of their cost price. (Proper timing has been one of the major secrets of Onassis's many business successes. Some years later, when he had acquired a small fleet of whalers, he piled up a large store of whale oil at a time when the world market was glutted. A year or two later a serious shortage developed, and he was able to liquidate the entire stock at a comfortable profit.)

The Tanker Race

Just as in the Argentine tobacco business Onassis had seen the possibilities of expanding the use of Oriental leaf, so in the shipping business he was among the first to realize that the future lay in oil transport. In 1939 Onassis had his first oil tanker built in Göteborg, Sweden. He gave it the distinguished name of *Aristophanes*. After the Second World War broke out, he had a small fleet of tankers and merchantmen. He promptly put his available ships at the disposition of the Allies and made impressive profits from high wartime freight rates.

At the end of the war Onassis helped form several companies that, along with others, bought sixteen surplus war tankers and freighters for some $20 million. (By comparison, a recent tanker cost Onassis $8 million to build.) It is this astute postwar bargain that has recently gotten Onassis into hot water with the U.S. government because of a U.S. Maritime Commission decision forbidding the sale of wartime surplus ships to foreign concerns.

In terms of his present operations, this deal was small. Since it was made, there has been a revolutionary innovation in postwar oil transport. This is the simple realization that it is far cheaper to ship oil in large tankers than in small ones. A tanker of 15,000 tons' capacity needs a crew of about forty officers and men, but a 45,000-tonner, capable of carrying three times as much oil and at higher speeds, can get along with a crew of fifty. The resulting economies can make a difference of tens of thousands of dollars on a single ocean trip.

Brother-in-Law Trouble

In waking up to the momentous implications of this new fact, Onassis has been ahead of most of his rivals—with only one important exception. This is Stavros Niarchos, who happens to be not only a compatriot of Onassis but his brother-in-law as well. In December, 1946, Onassis married the seventeen-year-old daughter of Stavros G. Livanos, an old and respected Greek shipowner, in New York. Shortly thereafter Niarchos married Livanos's second daughter, Eugenie. As a result, the three—Livanos, Niarchos, and Onassis—now constitute the most formidable shipowning clan that the world has ever seen.

The building race between Onassis and Niarchos, which began during the war, has now reached enormous proportions. Its scale may be judged by the fact that in the single year 1954 Onassis commissioned seventeen new tankers with a total capacity of more than 375,000 tons. Niarchos at the moment has under construction nine tankers totaling 345,000 tons' capacity.

The heart of the competition lies in the construction of bigger and better "supertankers" (of more than 25,000 tons' capacity). Onassis got off to a head start two years ago with the launching in July, 1953, of the 45,000-ton *Tina Onassis* (named after his wife) at the Howaldtswerke in Hamburg. Seven months later, Niarchos launched a 45,500-tonner called *World Glory* at the Bethlehem

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Steel yards in Quincy, Massachusetts. On June 5 Onassis took the lead again with the launching of the 46,800-ton *King Saud I*. But the race doesn't show any signs of stopping there. Niarchos is understood to be building two gigantic supertankers at the Vickers-Armstrong yards in England that are guaranteed to put even *King Saud I* in the shade.

But there is a natural obstacle to uninhibited growth — the depth of the Suez Canal. The *King Saud I*, which was recently chartered by the Socony-Vacuum Company for its maiden trip from Arabia, is expected not to be able to take more than 39,000 tons of oil through the Canal on its way to Europe.

When Onassis and Niarchos began their titanic duel several years ago, it was in the belief, then generally shared, that the annual increase in the world demand for oil would be of the order of eight per cent. This, it was estimated, would more than absorb the current production of supertankers. But this has not proved to be the case. The recent output of tankers has so far exceeded the amount of oil to be shipped that by last summer international freight rates had been forced down to the point where competition was really murderous, and Onassis was driven to putting newly launched tankers up for sale.

The Arabian Deal

Late in 1953, Onassis appears to have concluded that the best way he could protect himself against the depressed state of world tanker-charter rates would be to assure himself a large chunk if not the monopoly of the transport of oil from one or more Middle Eastern countries. The proposition could be made attractive to the interested country by having the prospective charter company registered as a Middle Eastern concern and have its tankers fly the country's flag. The idea was astute, because at more than one of the periodic meetings of the Arab League, Arab leaders have urged the creation or acquisition of national merchant marines.

Onassis therefore sent out one of his top directors, who spent four months touring the Middle East. He finally struck luck in Saudi Arabia, where the sudden death of King ibn-

Onassis and Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah Ali Reza

Saud seems to have brought about a momentary change of policy, perhaps because of the influence of several Arabs who have long been anti-American, like Jemal Husseini, a relative of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem; Yussif Yassin, a Syrian who is deputy Foreign Minister; and Rashid Ali Gailani, the Iraqi politician who led the 1941 Nazi-backed uprising against the British in Bagdad. These men were only too glad to seize this opportunity of driving a wedge into Aramco's dominant position in Saudi Arabia.

The resulting contract, signed in January, 1954, was one of the most fantastic ever signed in the history of oil negotiations. Under its terms Onassis was obligated to contribute 500,000 tons of tanker shipping toward the establishment of the Saudi Arabian Maritime Tankers Company, Ltd., which was to have its headquarters in Arabia. Its tankers were to fly the Saudi Arabian flag, but it was to be owned and directed by Onassis. The new company was to have the priority rights on the shipments of Arabian oil, with the sole reservation that nothing would be done to interfere with the existing oil-transportation arrangements made by tankers owned and registered in the name of Aramco's parent companies (Standard Oil of New Jersey and California, Socony Vacuum, and the Texas Company) on or before December 31, 1953. In return for this privileged status, Onassis's new company was obligated to hand over one shilling and sixpence as royalty rights on each ton of oil transported and to set up a maritime school in Jiddah for the training of fifty Arabians a year in the science of navigation and naval engineering.

The secret of this deal was so well kept that it was only four months later, in May, that knowledge of its provisions began to leak out. The result was an uproar in shipping circles in London and New York. Most immediately threatened by the new monopoly were the British shipping interests, and after them Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish shipowners who have been transporting most of the Saudi Arabian oil that is not carried in Aramco parent-company ships. But the secret accord was even a long-range threat to Aramco itself. For the fact is that few of the oil tankers were actually owned and registered in the name of the Aramco parent companies prior to December 31, 1953, and they can carry only forty per cent of the oil coming out of Arabia. Thus, if the contract were strictly carried out, most of Aramco's tankers could also be eventually forced out of the Arabian oil market through obsolescence, and Onassis's company could be assured of a virtual monopoly on the transport of more than 40 million tons of oil a year.

The Catapodis Accusations

The most amazing thing about this extraordinary bargain, however, was

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the price at which it was obtained. Officially Onassis was required to pay only the Saudi Arabian government one shilling and sixpence (or twenty-one cents) as royalties on every ton of oil he transported, or just four per cent of what he would be getting for the journey from the Persian Gulf to England. This contrasts with the fifty per cent (more than $5) that the Saudi government gets from Aramco on the profits of every ton of oil extracted from Arabian soil. At the start, with 500,000 tons of tankers committed to the new company which would transport four million tons of oil a year, the most Arabia could get out of the deal would be $840,000—less than a two-hundredth of what it gets every year from Aramco.

Spyridon Catapodis, the Greek entrepreneur who brought suit against Onassis in Paris, has accused him of having obtained this fantastic bargain by bribing the former Saudi Arabian Finance Minister, Sheikh Abdullah al Suleiman al Hamdan, and the present Minister of Trade, Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah Ali Reza, to the tune of some $830,000. Ali Reza has vigorously denied the charge, but Abdullah Suleiman is now hardly in a position to. Last fall he was summarily dismissed by King Saud as Finance Minister when he was implicated in a deal with a German engineering company.

Double Cross?

Explanations like Catapodis's, however, seem insufficient to account for such a one-sided bargain. The truth here looks more complex. There is some likelihood that the Saudi leaders signed the agreement with an eye to the future rather than to the present. Once they had enough trained seamen and engineers there would be nothing to prevent them from nationalizing the Saudi Arabian Maritime Tankers Company and expropriating Onassis's ships.

Many other aspects of the deal remain mysterious. On the surface of it such a bare-faced attempt to carve out a one-man monopoly on the transport of Arabian oil could not fail to antagonize the British and American oil companies who operate tankers of their own, and on whose favor Onassis is dependent for business. This has led various observers to put forward all sorts of theories.

According to one of these, Onassis had the secret support of the British, who were happy enough, after their own monopoly had been broken in Iran, to be able to drive a wedge into America's monopoly position in Arabia. According to another, Onassis had the secret support of certain powerful German financial interests, headed by the notorious Hjalmar Schacht, who were anxious to establish a German toehold in the Arabian peninsula.

ONASSIS's own public explanation is that he made the contract simply because it is the natural trend, and because sooner or later the countries of the Middle East are bound to set

up their own tanker companies. There is probably some truth in this, but Onassis, though a farsighted man, is not one to risk present profits on future speculations that are vague. The probability, therefore, is that he undertook the contract knowing perfectly well that it would be unacceptable to Aramco, but in the hope that he could goad it into granting him a larger share of long-term tanker contracts than it has in the past.

Aramco has steadily refused to accept the contract, claiming that it runs counter to Aramco's 1933 concession in Saudi Arabia. The Saudi Arabian government has not yet officially repudiated the contract, and the dispute is to be thrashed out before an international lawyer in Geneva the middle of next month. The most responsible prediction at present is that it will result in some compromise.

Renaissance at Monte Carlo

Battling with Aramco or the Peruvian government or with irate Greek entrepreneurs does not take up all Onassis's attention. His great dream now is to restore Monte Carlo to its turn-of-the-century wealth and elegance, when it was the favorite haunt of the crowned heads and bejeweled shoulders of Europe, when it was visited by such international celebrities as the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, when its opera was world-famous and attracted conductors like Massenet and Saint-Saëns, and when Nijinsky and Karsavina starred in ballet under the inspired guidance of Diaghilev.

Broken Bank

A start has already been made with the Casino. With the aid of the new inflow of capital provided by Onassis a serious effort is being made to get that famous institution out of the red, where it has been for some years. Floodlighting has been introduced to set off its rococo beauties amid the surrounding palm trees, the ponderous Victorian furniture of its vast salons is slowly being replaced with something gayer, and there is even talk of air-conditioning the copper dome. The results, it seems, have been startling. For in 1953 the Casino lost only 8 million francs, compared with 60 million the year before.

For Onassis all this represents a mere beginning of his projected renaissance. He is convinced that the salvation of the elegantly decaying resort town can only be accomplished through the enlargement of the scope of its attractions. His idea is to turn Monte Carlo into a year-round resort capable of rivaling other Riviera spots like Cannes or Juan-les-Pins by offering a variety of possibilities for swimming, aquatic sports, and yachting—even if it means having to bring in truckloads of white sand to cover the city's rocky beaches. "I plan to destroy the legend of Monte Carlo as a gambling resort where people lose money and grow bored," he declared some time ago. He might just do it at that; Onassis has pulled off bigger things since he left Smyrna at sixteen.

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The Last, the Very Last

A short story for Memorial Day

RAY BRADBURY

THIS WAS the museum and this was the special room in the museum and this the mummy exposed unprotesting to the moving drifts of dust in the sunlit morning air. The mummy was almost but not quite the right color and almost but not quite silent and it did not lie in a hewn marble chest. It sat, rather, in the center of a velvet-portiered parlor surrounded by families of worn blue-velvet chairs all wearing antimacassars. Beyond the curtained areaway, in some far part of the tea-colored house, the museum attendants were murmuring, tinkling the breakfast dishes. Now, moving forward into the golden dust that tumbled down the spring light, a shadow half the size of a man snuffed out the blazing roses in the carpet.

And then, during a period of five minutes, the mummy, mouth half open, its October face crooked back against a green velveteen cushion, became slowly aware of the shadow snipping the roses, one by one, became slowly aware of the stranger standing there for a long while just looking and looking.

"Well," whispered the mummy.

"Colonel Bisttram," said the boy, "I'm James Kneale."

"James." The Colonel nodded faintly.

THE BOY licked his lips nervously. "I sneaked in. The other boys wanted me to find out. Is it true, what they say? Everybody's talking. They said you used to make speeches on Memorial Day, eight years back. I was only four then. I don't remember. Is it true?"

"So you came to ask that?" whispered the old man, not moving. His large aquiline nose sighted at the chandelier. The nose was as delicately white as a teacup, sunlight glowed through it, very fine, very fine. "Yes," he said at last, a bit louder, "it's true."

"You were in the Civil War and saw Mr. Lincoln and Jefferson Davis both?"

"Yes."

"And you're one hundred and eight years old and you're the last, the very last, there aren't any more anywhere in the world, North or South, veterans of the Civil War?" The boy stopped, breathlessly.

"All of it," whispered the old man, shutting his eyes, "true."

"Nobody anywhere else, *nobody?*"

"I," said the old man, opening his eyes again, "am the last."

"Gosh," said the boy. "No wonder they're so careful!"

"DON'T GO!" cried the old man softly as the boy turned to run.

"I shouldn't be here. They tell about you being afraid of colds."

"No," said the Colonel. "After one hundred and eight years a man can face anything there is to face. It would be worth a cold to talk to someone so incredibly young. We make a fine pair. You so new I can't even imagine it, and me so old you can't imagine me. Please . . ." He twitched one finger on the armrest. "Sit down."

The boy sat.

"Is it true about the President of the United States flying to see you, Mr. Bisttram, Colonel?"

"That's what they say. This being Memorial Day, they thought they'd better do it now. Next Memorial Day may be a bit late. I don't quite know why they're coming. I'm nothing but an old man."

"Sure, but the last one, the last one!"

"It could've been somebody else. It just happens to be me. They didn't pay much attention before. Not that I wanted them to. Oh, they had me do the Gettysburg speech every year until I got too brittle. Even now I still do the speech every Memorial Day in the courthouse square. They put my voice on a record and they play it. I don't read well, but it always struck me there's no bad way to read that speech. Anyway, I retired from saying it in person years ago. And now, sudden-like, this week, the government took a surprised look around and found I'm the final model in stock, their only remaining one-hundred-and-eight-year everlasting clock, James. And now this house is an antique shop, everyone peeking in the windows. Want to know how it feels to be an everlasting clock, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"God's truth, Jim, as long as I just sit here, and don't look down at these two liver-spotted hands that don't belong to me, I'm fine. I'm ten, eleven, twelve years old."

FROM BEYOND the plush curtain came a soft swell of voices and footsteps. The boy half rose from his seat in panic. The voices subsided; the boy sat down, breathing quickly.

"They say the President's flying here from Washington in an hour. You going to wear your uniform, Colonel?"

"I had them burn it forty years ago. No, don't look that way," said the old man. "I said then, I say now, it doesn't matter whether the uniform was blue or gray. Now, more than ever, since I'm picked to be the last, I'm going to be the last with a vengeance. I'm the last man in blue and the last man in gray and when I die they both die and that's the way it should be."

"Yes, sir. But which side *did* you fight on, Colonel?"

"It's gotten hazy. An old man forgets. Colors, they begin to run on you. I see soldiers with me, but a long time ago I stopped seeing color in their coats or pants. I was born in Illinois, raised in Virginia, married in New York, built a house in Tennessee, and now, very late, here I am, good Lord, in Ohio. You see why the colors blend and run so?"

"But heck, you remember *battles!*—

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you remember which side of hills you was on! I got to tell the kids. How about the sun? Mornings, I mean. Did the sun come up on your left side or right? That'd help. And did you march toward Canada or the Gulf of Mexico?"

"Well, Jim, it was a mixed-up argument. Seems some mornings the sun came up on my good right hand, some mornings over my left shoulder. We marched all directions. It's 'most a hundred years since. You forget suns and mornings that long past."

"You remember winning, don't you? a battle won somewhere? The boys'd like to know!"

"No, I don't remember winning," said the old man, quieter. "I don't remember anybody winning anywhere anytime. War's never a winning thing, Jim. You just lose, you just lose all the time, and the one who loses last is the one who asks terms. All I remember is a lot of losing and sadness everywhere and nothing good but the end of it. The end of it, Jim, that was a winning all to itself, having nothing to do with guns. But I don't suppose that's the kind of victory your boys mean for me to talk on."

"They told me, ask about battles. Antietam, they said, ask him Antietam."

"I was there."

The boy's eyes grew bright. "Bull Run, ask him Bull Run, they said."

"I was there." Softly.

"Shiloh. What about Shiloh?"

"Yes, Shiloh. There's never been a year in my life I didn't think what a pretty name and what a shame to see it only on battle records."

"We got Shiloh, then, and Bull Run, *and* Antietam. Fort Sumter?"

"I saw the first puffs of powder smoke." A dreaming voice. "So many things, so many things come back, oh so many things. Songs. I remember songs. There was one that went: All's quiet along the Potomac tonight, where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming; their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon, or the light of the watchfire, are gleaming. Remember, remember. After the surrender, Mr. Lincoln came out on the White House balcony and asked the band to play, Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land . . . a long time ago . . . And then there was a Boston lady who one night wrote a thing will last a thousand years: Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. Late nights I feel my mouth move. I hear me singing back in another time. Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, shouting the battle cry of freedom, we will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, shouting the battle cry of freedom. So many songs, sung on both sides, so many, sung both ways, blowing north, blowing south on the night winds. Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, tenting on the old camp ground. Hurrah, hurrah, we bring the Jubilee, Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes you free. . . . When Johnny comes marching home. . ."

The old man's voice faded.

The boy sat for a long while without moving. Then he blinked. "Wait'll I tell this to the kids."

"Yes, tell them. Tell them for me."

"What's the President going to say to you this morning, Colonel?"

"I've thought for a whole week now. Here's the President sitting where you sit now. I see his lips move, but I can't hear what he says. What is there to say? When an old century stops and a new one starts, you fire skyrockets and pinwheels. When a man retires from business you hand him a solid-gold Ingersoll. But the President can hardly be coming to give me a watch, eh, Jim? or light a pinwheel? I imagine he's having as much trouble making up his speech as I'm having with mine."

"You going to make a speech?"

"Not a long one." The old man laughed drily. "Mr. Lincoln kept it short and right at Gettysburg. You want people to remember, don't take up their time. All last night I lay thinking, how can I put in a little handful of words the way I feel? I wrote it out in my mind and corrected it this morning. A handful of words, Jim, I pared my speech down to that."

"I can't hear you," said the boy.

"Bend close," whispered the old man.

"Don't go to sleep, sir!"

"Jim," whispered the Colonel, "I'm not going to sleep."

"Don't go to sleep, Colonel!" cried the boy, afraid.

"Quick." There was only a kind of cool air moving in the old man's motionless lips. "I'll tell you the words. Bend down. I thought I could wait, but . . ."

"You got to wait, sir!" cried the boy. "I'm sorry I bothered you. I'm sorry!"

"Don't think that. Close, now. Listen . . ."

"Colonel!"

The old man gave a convulsive clench of one hand, which caught the boy in a blind, vising grip. "You listening, Jim?" said the faint bellows.

The boy could only nod and swallow.

The Colonel's lips moved. "Jim, you got to remember. It's just a little bit, a little bit, you got to remember. Here are the words, now, here. Repeat after me: *As of this day. . .*"

The boy repeated the words and cried, "Colonel, Colonel!"

"I'm still here. Now the rest of it. Don't ever forget it, boy, don't ever forget. Listen. . ."

The boy poised, trembling, over the thrown-back head, the pale hawk face, the whispering and the coldness, to hear the words; while outside, in the spring sky, an airplane flew over.

The door of the Colonel's house burst open, the boy ran, the boy fled into sunlight, sobbing, one hand to his face, stumbling blindly, then running on.

Without seeing them, he ran into a crowd that was advancing upon the house with flags and pennants and a silent brass band ready to start. They caught hold of him running and crying and heard him wail and still held onto him and heard him repeat the few words again and again.

"It's over," he sobbed, "it's all over."

Some of them asked him what was over.

"The War," said the boy. "That's what he said! *The War, it's all over now!*"

The crowd stood back away from the boy and turned to look for a long while at the silent house. Only the flags moved in the soft May wind over their heads.

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Country Music

II. The *Squaya Dansu* from Nashville

ELI WALDRON

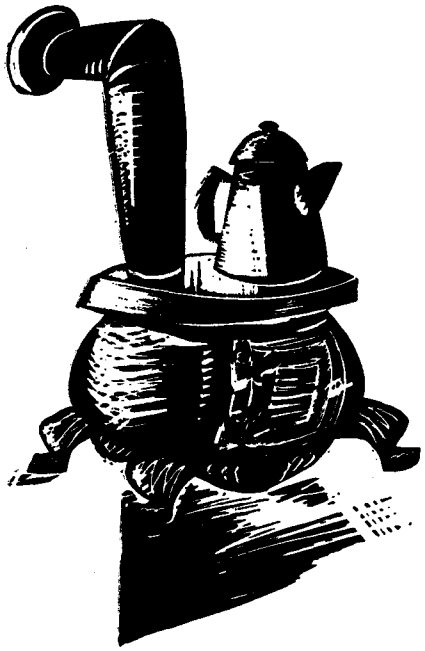
When Hank Williams, one of the great hillbilly singers of modern times, died on January 1, 1953, at the age of twenty-nine, he left behind him something like fifteen million grieving fans—most of whom were convinced that they would never see anyone like him again and that there surely had never been anyone like him before.

They were nearly right. Williams had delighted them with such hit tunes as "Kawliga" and "Hey, Good Lookin'" and had made them cry with "Your Cheatin' Heart" and "I Saw the Light." He had always entranced them with his explosive, alcoholic, egomaniacal, alternately contrite and savage personality. Weeping uncontrollably at the sight of a beautiful sunset one moment, the next moment he might be throwing wads of money on the floor and stamping on it in rage or shooting up hotel rooms, or even his own house, with the pistol he had taken to packing in his belt during his last sad days.

Williams had a natural talent for the dramatic gesture, perhaps the most endearing of which was the occasion when he returned to his home town of Montgomery, Alabama, at the peak of his career, with not one but two glittering Cadillacs, a liveried chauffeur piloting the one behind him. At this time he was earning in the neighborhood of $175,000 a year and there was a promise of much, much more to come. Two years later, however, he returned to Montgomery quite subdued, quite dead, having in the meantime thoroughly "lived it up," to use a phrase he liked. He perished of his own genius, aided and abetted by alcohol, barbiturates, and perhaps even by the great quantities of ketchup he had consumed during the latter part of his life. "He put ketchup on everything," one of Hank's friends observed recently in Nashville, the center of the hillbilly music world.

Though Hank Williams was certainly an extraordinary personality, no account of hillbilly music can ignore two other formidable figures. The first of these is Jimmie Rodgers, the Singing Brakeman and "father" of country music, who died of tuberculosis in 1933. The other is Roy Acuff, widely beloved for "The Great Speckled Bird," "The Wreck on the Highway," and "The Wabash Cannonball," partner of the late Fred Rose in the highly successful Nashville music publishing firm of Acuff-Rose, and unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Tennessee in 1948. Williams, Rodgers, and Acuff must share most of the responsibility for hillbilly music as it exists today.

Roy Acuff, the sole surviving member of this triumvirate, is now in his fifties and has largely retired



from the active center of the hillbilly stage, devoting his time to music publishing and the operation of a large, lavish resort called Dunbar Cave near Nashville, but he still symbolizes the great resurgence of hillbilly music that took place during and after the Second World War. The real center of the stage and most of the workaday responsibility are currently shared by such established performers as Ernest Tubb, Hank Snow, Eddy Arnold, and Red Foley, along with such younger men as Ray Price, Carl Smith, and Cowboy Copas. The responsibility—and the rewards—are borne cheerfully.

Indeed, good cheer is one of the principal ingredients in the art of hillbilly music. Despite the lugubrious content of most of the songs, country music is for the most part a joyous thing, spangled with the music of banjos and fiddles and galloping along with great zest and fervor. It cannot be compared with the hack work of Tin Pan Alley as interpreted by any of the so-called "sweet" bands operating around the country. It *can* be compared—if the comparison is a careful one—with Dixieland jazz and progressive jazz, both of which generate the same amazing velocity and excitement, though of course in an altogether different idiom.

Hoedown of Hoedowns

Hillbilly music is a booming business at the present time and its popularity is widespread. It is highly regarded in Japan and flourishes in many parts of Europe and Africa. As a result of this new growth and the money that has been pouring into Nashville in recent years, country music has come to be invested with a new dignity and stature. The term "country music" itself, now supplanting such terms as "hillbilly" and the derogatory "cornball," is an indication of the change in an art form that not long ago was ridiculed almost everywhere.

If the imagination tends to stagger before the new world-wide popularity of country music and the large quantities of money involved, the soul must surely stand aghast when it comes upon such songs as "There's a Wreath on the Door of My Heart" and "There Wasn't an Organ at Our Wedding." There are thousands of such songs in the hillbilly repertoire, and it is indeed a solemn task to leaf through the country catalogues and take note of the quantity of peculiar melancholy that is generated along with the velocity and the rousing optimism.

Nashville, the hub of this incredi-

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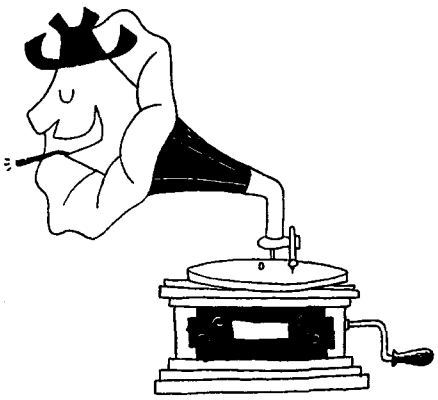
ble industry, is a pleasant, green, sparkling agricultural city engrossing perhaps a quarter of a million people, counting the suburbs, and boasting, among other things, an exact replica of the Parthenon in poured concrete. The downtown sections swarm with fiddlers and singers, especially on weekends, and with artists' agents, representatives from Hollywood and New York, peddlers of uranium stock, and professional freeloaders.

This confusion is largely ignored by old Nashville folk. It is to the Parthenon they point, a little shyly and with a mixed air of apology and pride, when they wish to call attention to the city's culture, or the culture it once enjoyed. As for the loud and wild current culture, it depends very little upon the attentions of the old Nashville folk. "Grand Ole Opry," Nashville's biggest attraction, regularly draws more people from Alabama and Illinois than it does from Tennessee. Sponsored by Station WSM and broadcast every Saturday night from the Ryman Auditorium, "Grand Ole Opry" is the biggest hoedown in the history of hoedowns. It usually plays to a packed house of three and a half thousand at the Ryman, with another one to two thousand waiting outside for vacant seats. These thousands, on the average, represent devotees from thirty-eight different states come to view their favorite artists glitteringly arrayed in dove-gray, maroon, and canary-yellow cowboy suits, with diamond-studded Shriner pins in their lapels and diamond initial rings on their fingers.

The International Scene

Returning travelers tell similar stories of enthusiasm abroad. One account, reported in a national magazine, had two or three million people in Japan, the most notable of whom was Hirohito's brother, dancing the square dance, or *squaya dansu*, with considerable abandon. A WSM good-will ambassador reports hearing a four-year-old boy in Hokkaido singing "I'm Walking the Floor over You" in "absolute perfect" English—the only English he knew. Ernest Tubb, after entertaining the troops in Korea with his gravelly voice and altogether winning manner, was both surprised and pleased to find that he (and country music) had inspired a Red propaganda leaflet, the Communist world's first official recognition of the autonomy of Nashville, Tennessee.

The most interesting documentation, however, of the effect of war-



fare in the dissemination of country music comes from Europe. Here, after the Second World War, a disk jockey named Bill Carrigan was chief *Plattenspieler* on a program called "The Hillbilly Gasthaus" for the Armed Forces Network in Frankfurt. He found the response to his program invigorating and heartening—playing to an estimated ten million people in twenty-two countries and drawing something like 150,000 letters a year. "I really had it made there," Carrigan relates a little regretfully. "The fan mail—you have no idea. And the *women!* They sent their pictures from all over—Denmark, Holland, France, England. All you had to do was pick out the good-looking ones, send them a note, and they would come bicycling down like crazy from Bremerhaven or Copenhagen or some place like that. I never should of left. Never."

In our own land, hillbilly music seems to be tremendously popular everywhere but in Manhattan. Songs like "Smoke on the Water," "Condemned Without Trial," "So Round So Firm So Fully Packed," "Pistol Packin' Mama," "Waiting in the Lobby of Your Heart," "Don't Rob Another Man's Castle," "Dear Judge," and "Information Please" have evoked deep responsive sighs from fans in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Toronto, Seattle, Los Angeles, Houston, Wheeling, and back to Newark. The purists among these fans do not, of course, confuse hillbilly music with Western music, which has to do mostly with sagebrush and horses, nor with folk music of the sort Burl Ives helped so much to popularize. The folk singer, even if his voice is nothing much to speak of, is still much too "sweet" for the ear of the average hillbilly fan, who requires a voice he (at least in his imagination) can equal.

The stanch hillbilly fan also requires monumental dosages of sentimentality at regular intervals. "Dear Judge," for example, a song made popular by Ernest Tubb, is a ballad about a child pleading tearfully at the bar of a divorce court, trying to hold mother and father together. "Information Please," another outstanding example of country melancholia, tells of the pathetic efforts of a motherless child trying to dial Jesus on the telephone. These songs go back to "The Little Rosewood Casket," "The Death of Floyd Collins," "The Wreck of the Lady Elgin," through the celebration of innumerable disasters, hangings, and murders in this country to the Scotch and English songs that are the source of most of our balladry. Present-day hillbilly music seems to be woven around three main themes—death (very often on the highway), unrequited love, and religious gimmickry such as the use of telephones and other modern technological devices in an effort to get in touch with the Beyond.

'To Hell with Roy Acuff!'

Roy Acuff can claim most of the credit for seizing and using modern technology as a new source of sentiment. The son of a Union County, Tennessee, preacher-lawyer, Acuff—so the story goes—made an appearance as a young man in a Florida training camp for a big-league tryout, suffered a sunstroke, and went back home, ill and discouraged, to console himself with his violin. He also spent this period practicing on the yo-yo, a toy that seemed to fascinate him and one which later became part of his bag of tricks when he hit the musical big time and still later when he ran for Governor of Tennessee in 1948. (He also balances his violin on the point of his chin.) In any event, out of

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his sunstroke and subsequent convalescence Acuff managed to fashion a new kind of music. To an old theology, as represented by sacred songs such as "The Great Speckled Bird," he soon added a note of modernity to produce such unusual works as "Radio Station S-A-V-E-D," depicting the Saviour as the owner and operator of a station that features "news direct from heaven" and on which "All the programs are of happiness and never no despair."

Songs like this, sung with piercing, screaming fervor, brought Acuff great acclaim. His records sold by the carload during the 1940's and were widely imitated.

Country-music catalogues now list a bewildering variety of tunes that work this same vein of modern technology: "Plastic Heart" (I wish I had a plastic heart so it wouldn't break), "Neon Love," and "Atomic Power" are a few of the available titles.

"This Cold War with You" and a song entitled "Red Lips, White Skin and Blue Eyes" appear to have been the forerunners of a spate of patriotic songs. The titles in this category include "They Locked God Outside the Iron Curtain," "Mr. Stalin You're Eatin' Too High on the Hog," and "I'm No Communist."

It is not surprising that in 1948 Roy Acuff should have been persuaded by his great popularity that he might become Governor of Tennessee. After all, it had happened to Jimmie ("You Are My Sunshine") Davis in Louisiana in 1944. Acuff won the Republican primary along with his Senatorial running mate, B. Carroll Reece. With the breakdown of the Crump organization in 1948, there appeared to be some dim hope for Republican success by appealing to the States' Righters with Crump's covert assistance. It was a very dim hope. Estes Kefauver and Gordon Browning won handily. Four years later, another well-known Southern singer, Stuart Hamblen, a Texan, a reformed alcoholic and the author of "Why Fool Around with Calico When You Have Silk at Home?," ran for President on the Prohibition ticket and joined Acuff in the ranks of defeated troubadours.

Acuff's failure to obtain the governorship in 1948 couldn't have bothered him very much. He is a man already rich in all that really counts in the hillbilly world. He has, for instance, the largest collection of hand-painted neckties in existence. He owns a ranch house completely paneled in knotty pine, up to and including the bathrooms. And in his old age he will smile and remember the Japanese battle cry at Okinawa, "To hell with Roosevelt! To hell with Babe Ruth! To hell with Roy Acuff!"

The Singing Brakeman

If Roy Acuff, broadcasting out of the Tennessee hills over Radio Station S-A-V-E-D, can be said to represent a kind of Messiah of this new multi-million-dollar music, then Jimmie Rodgers, who died in 1933, was a prophet crying—or yodeling, rather—in the wilderness. Even though Rodgers's career was brief and his obscurity overwhelming in the years immediately following his death, it is generally agreed that he was the father and fashioner of early country music. Today he is a legendary figure; a statue has been erected in his honor in his home town of Meridian, Mississippi, and National Hillbilly Music Day (May 26) was established largely in his honor.

Rodgers managed to find compensation for his wretched existence as a tubercular brakeman by developing what he called a "blue yodel." He played a good guitar and was a popular man in the caboose.

His blue yodel, as it turned out, was all he had by way of capital when his illness finally obliged him to give up his job and, on the advice of his doctor, move to the mountains of North Carolina for his health. Here, one day in 1928, he heard that a Victor field man was in nearby Bristol, Tennessee, cutting records. He applied for an audition, yodeled for the field man, and was immediately and happily gathered into the Victor family of artists. He made a few records in Bristol, a few more in the Victor studios in Camden, New Jersey, and within a year was the owner of a fancy automobile and a new home, and was being hailed by Will Rogers as "a distant son of mine." His singing career lasted for five years, during which time he created a number of memorable songs—"The Brakeman's Blues," "Desert Blues," "My Carolina Sunshine Gal," and above all, "T for Texas," one of his greatest hits and perhaps the finest of all country tunes.

Rodgers died in the Hotel Manger, now the Hotel Taft, in New York in 1933 and his music went swiftly out of fashion. By the late 1930's tens of millions of his records were gathering dust in cellars and attics all over the country. Only a few lone singers here and there—Ernest Tubb in Texas and Hank Snow in Nova Scotia—were playing his songs and trying to keep his memory alive. Their devotion was finally rewarded on May 26, 1953, when Jimmie Rodgers Day was celebrated in Meridian.

The occasion was publicized as a memorial celebration not only for the Singing Brakeman but also for the more than five thousand railway workers who lie buried in and around Meridian—a division point on the Illinois Central, Gulf, Mobile & Ohio, and Southern Railroads. It was attended by a hundred thousand people, among them Rodgers's widow, the octogenarian widow of Casey Jones, and Sim Webb, the Negro who was Casey's fireman on that fateful April 29, 1900, when Casey died in a wreck on the Illinois Central and achieved immortality.

The "Day," properly enough, was the brain child of Ernest Tubb and Hank Snow and was cosponsored by the railroads and by RCA Victor, who had "served notice on the nation" that it would do everything in its power to help. (This included, of course, the issuing and sale of Jimmie Rodgers LP Memorial Albums.) "Italian craftsmen" were

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ordered to carve a likeness of Rodgers wearing a brakeman's cap and holding a guitar in his lap. Bronze plaques to decorate a memorial flagpole were ordered cast—one of them bearing the form of a phonograph record with the RCA Victor label and the inscription "In Memory of The Singing Brakeman, Jimmie Rodgers, Whose Great Talents Are Preserved Forever on RCA Victor Records." The Illinois Central built a spur from the town to the memorial park, and the Meridian & Bigbee donated a locomotive to be welded to the tracks. Three hundred favored guests wearing bandanas and brakemen's caps rode out in a special train.

Ernest Tubb sang a sentimental song and vowed publicly that he would return every year to this place to do homage to a man he admired. Hank Snow, who almost alone among hillbilly singers carries on the tradition of the railroad song, sang one of his specialties in the urgent, powerful, and exciting voice that has made him justly famous. At the close of the ceremonies, one of Jimmie Rodgers's guitars was presented to Snow's seventeen-year-old son as a keepsake. (Tubb had already acquired a Rodgers guitar.) The handing around of guitars is a semi-sacred ritual among country singers.

The hundred thousand guests have long since dispersed to other duties and other celebrations. The Illinois Central spur has been torn up and the locomotive stands rusting in the rain. But there is no sign of abatement among the whining guitars and mandolins and the shouts of square dancers around the world.

(This is the second of two articles on country music. The first appeared in the May 19 issue.)

On Freedom Again —and Never Too Often

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

GOVERNMENT BY INVESTIGATION, by Alan Barth. *Viking. $3.*

The least ingratiating feature of the defense of civil liberties nowadays is the language in which it is couched. It has been replete with what reviewers call "deep moral indignation"; the emphasis and the indignation have, on occasion, been more impressive than the research and documentation. I would not suggest for a moment that this writing owes anything to the inimitable oral prose of the junior Senator from Wisconsin, which was long on emphasis and appeals to a horrified—or rather to a presumptively horrifiable—audience. Few men, moreover, have ever done so well—or at least so much—on so little research.

In the last few months those who speak for the ancient and elementary decencies of a civilized society have started competing once more in their own league. Dean Griswold of Harvard, Telford Taylor, and now Alan Barth have all produced technically distinguished and admirably argued books in which the argument depends on history and logic and never on the author's assertion of how reprehensible things have become. No one can guess how influential such books are. Perhaps they are only balm for the souls of the saved, although it is hard to see why such souls shouldn't have their balm. My own guess is that they are more influential than we think. They provide indispensable source material and the text for the very considerable number of people who want to defend Magna Charta, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and also the right of the individual to scowl at his neighbor, read and think, make impious remarks about John Foster Dulles, and have a sinister look.

Mr. Barth's book—he is the author of *The Loyalty of Free Men* and a member of the seminar that meets daily to contemplate the editorial position of the Washington *Post and Times Herald*—is especially good. The language is clipped and astringent, unexcited and wonderfully effective. The author covered his contemporary material thoroughly, which, since he is a good and experienced newspaperman, was probably to be expected. He also mastered the history of his subject and makes full use of it with pertinence and easy confidence.

This last was a considerable achievement, for Mr. Barth is primarily concerned with the ancient problem of the separation of powers and the separate prerogatives of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Branches of the government. The Congressional investigations, which give the book its title and its contemporary tone, happen only to be the current device by which one of the branches—this time Congress—is trespassing on the other two. These transgressions, especially those against the Judicial Branch, are in turn a trespass on the rights of the individual.

This book is first of all a concise account of the transgressions and their consequences. A fair amount of the material is provided by McCarthy. His negotiations with the Greek shipowners for an embargo on China and his announcement that the State Department was not being informed of his negotiations lest it louse things up was perhaps the Everest of overreaching. But Mr. Barth has quite a lengthy cast. Senator Kefauver gets a few bad marks for doing the business of the police and the courts in his 1950-51 crime investigation.

Most discussions of wayward Congressional committees in the last few years have come up with proposals for more stringent rules and a better code of investigating practices. Mr. Barth approves in general,

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and he also thinks that Congress might do well to turn some of its investigations over to disinterested and expert bodies like the British Royal Commissions and Tribunals of Inquiry. However, he is also persuaded that the real remedy requires something more.

It requires, first of all, spirited insistence by those affected on their rights. Mr. Barth thinks—indeed he is deeply persuaded—that the Eisenhower Administration is the victim of its own nonresistance policy. It is idle to complain of rape if the victim proclaims a deep desire to co-operate. Mr. Barth believes that the foundations got called back by Representative B. Carroll Reece of Tennessee because they were insufficiently spirited in defending themselves before the late Eugene Cox of Georgia. This makes much sense. The meek may inherit the earth but not, if they are present-day Americans, until they have had hell thoroughly investigated out of them.

Mr. Barth might have carried this point a bit further. One reason American intellectuals have taken so much punishment in recent times is their terrible fear of being called disagreeable names, and especially of being called pro-Communist. Their screams have greatly encouraged those who make reckless charges—the outcry shows that a hit has been registered. Just as weakness is an invitation to attack, so a reasonable and determined immunity to insult is, in these days, an absolutely indispensable armor.

THERE IS another point which might also have been pressed. If trespass is to be avoided—and this holds for the Executive as well as Congress—we must have not only a popular understanding of first principles, as Mr. Barth insists, but also a resolute determination to throw the transgressors out. In a democracy, we should not be surprised to discover, this is the sovereign remedy. In some parts of Mr. Barth's book, the reader has a vague but reassuring feeling that he is delving into history. It is all unpleasantly recent but still it is over. If it is over, by far the most important reason is that several of the most reckless intruders lost their committee chairmanships as a result of last fall's election.

Billy Eagle Wing's Last Stand—

Billy is one of America's forgotten natives—he is a Navajo Indian, an innocent victim of the plight that affects so many Indians, the result of neglect and denial of opportunity. As a youth of 9, he already faces problems other boys and girls do not know about. His clothes are tattered and patched—he has no warm coat, no sturdy shoes. His health is fair now, but bitter cold weather finds him vulnerable to disease.

His father, a hard-working sheepherder, ekes out a meager living on the reservation for the family of four, which includes mother and daughter. Father and mother have high hopes for Billy's future, for a life with opportunity and usefulness. But they can do nothing for Billy, to give him a chance.

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Are You Wearing Your Hair Shirt?

ROBERT BINGHAM

AN END TO INNOCENCE: ESSAYS ON CULTURE AND POLITICS, by Leslie A. Fiedler. *Beacon. $3.50.*

PROFESSOR FIEDLER, who admits that he "dearly loves a generalization," would like us to "move forward from a liberalism of innocence to a liberalism of responsibility." In confession, he says, begins responsibility. "We have desired good, and we have done some," he writes, "but we have also done great evil." The evil proceeded from and in many ways took the form of innocence—by which I take him to mean a kind of willful naïveté. For too long liberals refused to recognize that anti-fascism was only one facet of what should be their larger mission—anti-totalitarianism.

Of course liberals like George Orwell were saying this long before it was either as popular or as obvious as it is today. But Professor Fiedler, a serious and subtle thinker, is apparently convinced that we need to have our noses rubbed in it a little more.

THE HISS CASE, according to Professor Fiedler, "marks the death of an era." He sees Hiss as the personification of "the Popular Front mind at bay, incapable of honesty even when there is no hope in anything else."

Now it has become quite fashionable in some of the literary quarterlies for which Professor Fiedler writes to accept Hiss's conviction as the guilt of all liberals. "A generation was on trial," as the saying goes. Highbrow writers who have always prided themselves on their rigorous intellectual independence have found a new way of shocking the middlebrows; some of these self-appointed bad consciences for the rest of us have even gone so far as to argue that McCarthy is good for us because he accused us and thus made us realize our guilt.

But just how guilty are we? And of what? Is the indictment justified, or have the cliché smashers simply produced a new cliché of their own?

IN A helpful footnote Professor Fiedler defines what he calls liberal-intellectuals as "all those who believe or believed Sacco was innocent, who considered the recognition of the Soviet Union not merely wise strategically but a 'progressive' step, and who identified themselves with the Loyalist side during the Spanish Civil War." But does Professor Fiedler really believe that each and every one of the millions of people who took these positions would have automatically passed classified government documents to the agent of a foreign power? Wouldn't some of them have recognized a moral distinction between advocating policies and breaking laws? Is there anything criminal about these opinions, even now?

And what of the other millions of men and women, now approaching middle age, who choose to call themselves liberals even though they were still too young to vote during the Spanish Civil War? They reached political maturity at a time when the "brief bout of membership in the Communist party, fellow-traveling, or at least the experience of collaboration and friendly intercourse with Communists and fellow-travelers" which Professor Fiedler describes as "a typical initiation into the intellectual community" had become virtually unthinkable. Are they guilty too?

Throughout these essays, which contain some brilliant insights into a variety of subjects ranging from Acheson to Yeats, Professor Fiedler attacks the platitudes of the Left with somewhat more gusto than he reserves for those of the Right, and for the most part that is probably all to the good. But some of his own generalizations require close critical inspection.

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It's Only A Second-Class Dragon

HARLAN CLEVELAND

THE PROSPECTS FOR COMMUNIST CHINA, by W. W. Rostow and others. *Technology Press of M.I.T.* and *John Wiley & Sons. $5.*

WANTED: AN ASIAN POLICY, by Edwin O. Reischauer. *Knopf. $3.75.*

AN AMERICAN POLICY IN ASIA, by W. W. Rostow in collaboration with Richard W. Hatch. *Technology Press of M.I.T.* and *John Wiley & Sons. $1.*

MOST OF US look at Asia and see only Quemoy and Matsu, a couple of whirling pinwheels throwing off sparks that blind us to the great lands and enormous problems just beyond. If we looked harder at China perhaps we could stop being quite so jittery about our ability to deal with a third-rate power in a secondary theater of operations.

After half a decade of mystery and misinformation, there is now solid news about Communist China. It comes from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Center for International Studies, which is getting very good at collecting useful facts and persuading the nation's policy-makers to look at them.

The Prospects for Communist China is a scholarly book. Its sources are mostly what the Chinese Communists say they are doing, over their own radio, in their own newspapers, and in the newspapers of their big brothers in Moscow.

From these unscholarly sources, we learn that Mao Tse-tung is strong but China is weak. Political control is bureaucratic, clumsy, overburdened with committees and campaigns, ruthless—uncounted millions murdered—and unchallenged. The Chinese Communists look strong but they are weak at home. Mao is trying to do what Stalin did, without Stalin's initial assets.

Reluctant Farmers

Stalin in the late 1920's had the same interests in farming the Chinese now have: as a source of surplus capital to support the first Five-Year Plan for industry. Stalin started with a nation that could produce more food than it needed. He could concentrate on establishing, through collective farms, the state's control over food, without worrying too much about increasing the output per farmer. This policy has now caught up with his successors, as Russia's population growth presses against a stagnant level of agricultural production. But it took a generation for Stalinism to backfire on Georgi Malenkov.

In China, the same result should flow from the same causes—and a good deal faster. The Chinese start with eighty per cent of their people on the land, unable today to produce enough for a huge population whose further growth is officially encouraged by every device of modern propaganda. They are pursuing the ideal of collective farming with the same zeal that has produced such woeful results in Russia.

FARMING depends on many little acts, performed personally by the farmer in the fields, that cannot be watched by the police. Farmers the world over have to be wheedled and bribed, and cannot be beaten, into producing more and more. The Chinese Communists at first made much of their "land reforms" as an incentive to farmers. But the new peasant owners quickly found themselves tilling the land as tenants of a cruel new landlord, the state.

Collectivization, price rigging, and heavy taxes are as unlikely in China as in Russia to persuade farmers to farm more efficiently. Yet it is out of agriculture that the Chinese Communists intend to sweat enough "surplus" for a gigantic build-up of industry.

If the Communists' ambitious plans for China are slowed down by a reluctant peasantry, they will be in trouble abroad as well as at home. For China's performance will have

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to bear comparison with what India and the other free Asian countries are doing to raise living standards. And here, of course, is where we can help.

Prospects is a book of facts. Walter Rostow, who collected them, has now produced a short sequel which speculates more freely about *An American Policy in Asia*. First, he says, we have to contain the Chinese Communists, prevent them from escaping their internal problems by glamorous aggression abroad, and incidentally reduce China's dependence on Russian arms and hence on the Russian alliance. We'll probably have to negotiate with the Chinese Communists about their status in the world, but let's not take these negotiations too seriously because they really are not very important. Our main job is to use our great strength to help the non-Communist nations succeed in their own plans for economic expansion and democratic growth. This success would be contagious and contrast sharply with a Chinese experience that may prove spotty at best and at worst disastrous. It could produce unrest on the Chinese mainland, split the top leadership, and make alternatives to Communist control again look attractive.

In this picture Formosa is not a base for attacking the mainland, but a valuable symbol of a Chinese alternative—*if* Formosa's government stops wasting its energies in fruitless preparations for a mainland attack we will never let it launch, and goes to work to make Formosa a showplace of peaceful, decent living.

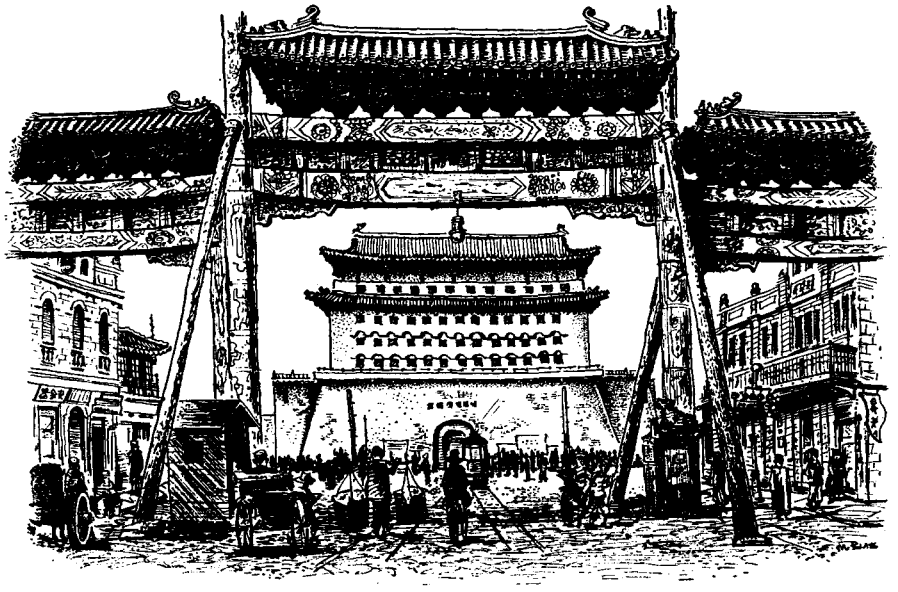
One can only hope that the U.S. government, which often looks to M.I.T. for advice about science, will also pay attention when the advice is about the decidedly unscientific China question.

Fact and Theory

The M.I.T. books answer only some of the questions posed a few blocks away by a Harvard professor, Edwin Reischauer. *Wanted: An Asian Policy* is a book written by a scholar for a nonprofessional audience. Professor Reischauer admits that his book is largely "opinion and conjecture." But he rightly feels reluctant to leave Asia policy entirely in the hands of popular heroes and Senators.

Professor Reischauer's thesis is essentially that in dealing with Asia we do too little and talk too much—about the wrong subjects. To him, the military containment of China is necessary—but we make too many headlines with our bombs and bases and strategy. On economic aid, we are doing much less than we should or can do, but our greatest sin is pinning "extravagant hopes on what little we are accomplishing."

He sees the whole turbulence of Asia as a wrestling match between two western systems of ideas. Every Asian country that insists on taking over western machines and technology will have to adopt some western system of ideas to go with them. Anti-westernism doesn't both-



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er Reischauer very much: "One could almost lay down the rule that Asians are anti-Western to the degree that they have become westernized." Moreover, the fever passes: Japan and Turkey are already past the peak of reaction against the societies they are so eager to copy.

In the world championship of ideas, we fail to realize that "for the educated elite of Asia, theories may speak more loudly than facts." We haven't worked out ways of applying democracy in the Asian setting. Indeed, we haven't even put down on paper a usable statement of our own political beliefs and practices. In the field of ideas, says the writer, our net score is less than zero.

WHETHER or not Red China stumbles over its own agricultural policy, the democracies have one great advantage over the Communists in Asia. People like freedom better than absolute control. Even at home the Communists are forced by this human bias to clothe their actions in the trappings of democracy—the mass organizations, the "co-operatives," the people's councils and the All-China committees. In the rest of Asia, as Reischauer says, "Communism suffers from the great tactical liability that anyone who is not specifically for it is eventually forced to oppose it." Even neutralism is a variation on a Jeffersonian theme—the theme of independence, consent, and freedom of choice.

If we can divert our eyes from the Formosa Strait, we will see that we hold the best cards in the game of Darwinian coexistence. Our side has the greater military and economic strength, and the more applicable set of political ideas—if we only take the trouble to think them anew.

What we also need, of course, is the courage in our statesmen to play the cards we hold.

Book Notes

ALL THE SEXES: A STUDY OF MASCULINITY AND FEMININITY, by George W. Henry, M.D. Foreword by David E. Roberts, Ph.D., D.D. *Rinehart. $7.50.*

WHAT on earth is a reviewer to do with this book? Dr. Roberts, Marcellus Hartley Professor of the Philosophy of Religion in the Union Theological Seminary in New York, has written a thoughtful foreword in which he points to "the inescapable connection between psychiatry and . . . public morals." He suggests that churchmen and pastors should know more than they do about sexual problems and sexual aberrations in order that they may develop "a more effective understanding of the role of sexuality in human misery and beatitude. . ." Of course. And of course, too, Christians have always prayed for those whose vocations lead them into peril. To their prayers for those in peril of the sea, for those in peril of death in war, they will now lengthen the litany of man's supplication to include psychiatrists, the social workers, the priests whom charity obliges to plunge deep into the horror of human derangement. No psychiatrist would deny their peril, or the truth of what George Meredith wrote in *Modern Love:* "While mind is mastering clay, gross clay invades it." The serious purpose of this book and the scientific prudence with which it has been written —the usual statistical observation is presented with unusual reservations —are further emphasized in the author's introduction.

Dr. Roberts's foreword does not quite fill four pages; Dr. Henry's introduction does not quite fill seven. There follow 588 pages of text. Given the book's high purpose, it is distressing that there is not one of these pages that can or should be described, paraphrased, or even euphemistically transposed, in a magazine destined for the general reader.

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THE DINNER PARTY (FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LADY OF TODAY), by Gretchen Finletter. *Harper. $3.*

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good people all over the world—could furnish case histories for a kind of psychiatrist who may exist but who certainly never writes books—a researcher who would seek evidence of human warmth, wit, and good sense. This American family actually takes walks through the fields for pleasure, not for exercise; its adult members take cocktails for pleasure, not for oblivion; adults and children talk to each other simply because it makes them happy to do so. They sometimes quarrel, and adolescents are always a worry, and arranging a dinner party to "kill off" some overdue obligations is a complicated matter, and Charles is writing a book and so cannot be disturbed. Gretchen Finletter's diary is highly amusing; it is also a tender and heartening book.

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THE CRECY WAR: A MILITARY HISTORY OF THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR FROM 1337 TO THE PEACE OF BRETIGNY, 1360, by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O., F.R. Hist. S. Illustrated. *Oxford. $7.*

SHAKESPEARE never added to his thunderous series the life of the English King Edward III who led this forgotten war of bowmen and knights in France. Froissart and obscure English scribes were its chroniclers. Now a British colonel meticulously narrates—as though discussing the moves in a classic game of chess—the story of the marches, countermarches, sieges, and battles that brought destruction to the flower of French chivalry, and to the young English nation pride and self-consciousness. Men suffered and died in the old wars, but they spoke to each other in a language we unhappily no longer hear.

La Réole is about to fall. Colonel Burne, following Froissart, quotes the town's defender to the Earl of Derby: "Gentlemen, you know the King of France has sent me to this town and castle to defend them to the best of my ability. You know in what manner I have acquitted myself, and also that I should wish to continue it; but one cannot always remain in the place that pleases one best. I should therefore like to depart from hence with my companions, if it be agreeable to you." After some discussion, Derby replied: "Sir Agout, we shall be happy always to treat every stranger knight as a brother at arms and if, fair sir, you and yours wish to leave the castle you must carry nothing with you but your arms and horses."

•

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA, by Alan Paton. Portraits of the Nations Series. Illustrated. *Lippincott. $2.75.*

THIS IS a brief tour of South Africa—almost a guidebook—and a short history of how the Dutch and the British founded a nation. It is also striking evidence of the fact that a first-rate writer, even when he is working within the strict limits of an assignment—as would seem to be the case here—cannot for a moment conceal the tone, the personality, the individuality of his approach to life that bring acclaim to his formally creative work. In the very second page of this travel book the Alan Paton of *Cry, the Beloved Country* is unmistakably recognizable: "Today the African people are very sensitive to any description which would label them as primitive or simple or backward or childlike. I shall try to avoid any hurtful use of words." In that second sentence is all the kind understanding of one of the bravest writers of our times.

•

NEWS IS A SINGULAR THING, by Marguerite Higgins. *Doubleday. $3.50.*

IT IS always difficult for successful foreign correspondents to know how to put their experience to good use. Some turn to writing novels, but they have been trained to write front-page dispatches and not novels. Some indulge in memoirs and that is not a sure thing either. Their best reporting was objective; sometimes in memoirs that do not have to cross a foreign editor's desk, they permit their interest to wander—most embarrassingly toward themselves. Miss Higgins, New York *Herald Tribune* foreign correspondent and Pulitzer Prize winner, sent back vivid dispatches from the war in Europe and from Korea. She was courageous, clear-sighted, diligent, and very resourceful. In the book she now has written there is perhaps too much about her friends, assistants, and newsgathering methods – although young people entering journalism will enjoy the professional chitchat—but there are also moving and true memories of some very dreadful things she saw first hand. She was with our troops when they entered Germany and in Poland when the Communists were demolishing their enemies and their dupes. The story she tells about a friend who was one of the dupes is about as heart-rending, hopeless, and dismal a story as one can read.

•

THE CHALLENGE OF SCANDINAVIA: NORWAY, SWEDEN, DENMARK AND FINLAND IN OUR TIME, by William L. Shirer. *Little, Brown. $5.*

THE AUTHOR of *Berlin Diary* looks now at happier countries, in a carefully documented, interesting, and personal survey of Scandinavia. It is quite true that the Scandinavian determination to preserve every manner of independence presents a challenge to the assumption that every democratic nation has a moral duty to ally itself with us. But that assumption is a careless one, specifically careless of the history, tradition, and urgent present needs of such a nation—much abused—as Switzerland and of the Scandinavians. Mr. Shirer's book will not bring an end to the argument about neutrality; it can greatly help to make that argument an intelligent one. He is not persistently political. Large sections of the book describe how the Scandinavians drink—they drink too much—and play. The great merit of the book is that it shows that they are friends worth keeping.

•

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . .: REFLECTIONS ON PUBLIC SPEAKING, by Norman Thomas. *Hermitage House. $2.75.*

LET US dismiss any facetious introduction of Mr. Thomas as the perpetual Socialist candidate for the Presidency. No tags, biographical references, or eulogy are needed. He is known to us because for years he has spoken throughout the land with undeniable sincerity, selflessness, and wit. In this little book the memories of many years are present, but it would not be Mr. Thomas speaking if it did not look forward. It is a "how to do it" book only in that it gives the one key to good public—or private – speaking: Forget yourself and say what you think.

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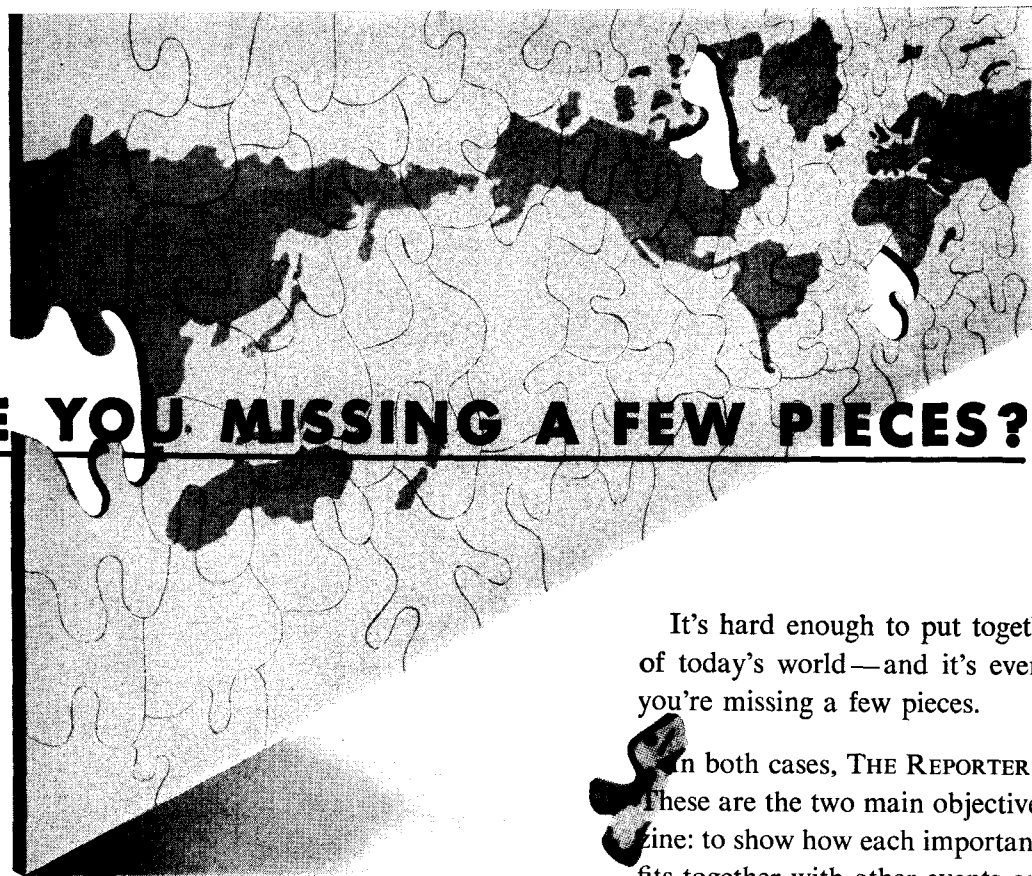

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